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HIS HIGHNESS WALASHAN NAWAB AZAM JAH BAHADUR, LL.D.
PRINCE OF BERAR

The War

I am sure all of you, busy in your several peaceful occupations, fully realise the issues of life and death that are at stake in the grim struggle now in progress in Europe. This war is not against an ordinary enemy ; it is being waged against a whole political ideology based on brute force. Within the course of the past two years, we have been witnessing the tearing up of treaties and the violation of the integrity of small countries. Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium have thus in turn lost their independence, and each month brings in its wake fresh acts of brutality. Civilian life and the lives of women and children are no longer respected and, under an individual tyranny, a whole nation is yoked into execution of the ambitious decrees of one man so that the world may be his.

The struggle involves to no small extent the fate of India itself. As it is, barriers of space have fallen and ours is now but a very small world. Air space has been conquered by the rapid development of aviation and no country however far from the momentary centre of activity, can in effect regard itself as safe. Moreover, since so much of sudden sympathy with India and her aspirations is being poured out from the German broadcasts, it is time for us to remember that it is the outspoken aim of the Nazis to exploit the world by treating other races as inferior. Nor can we forget that Hitler has always regarded the British policy of giving greater administrative powers to Indians as a betrayal of the rights of the Teutonic race. It is for that reason that all parties in India have with one voice declared their sympathy for the Allies and have thus aligned themselves with those Muslim powers, like Turkey and Egypt, which have already declared their alliance.

In face of this menace, a menace to our freedom, to our culture and our homes, not to mention a menace to our lives and the lives of our women and children, let us in India bury all differences that may exist on other matters in order that the strength which such unity will bring may be harnessed for purposes of a united effort, both collective and individual, for the successful prosecution of the war. For, as each new country is being brought nearer the ambit of the struggle, the danger to India is assuming greater reality and, considering what that danger means to a people enjoying unbroken peace for almost two hundred years, I am sure that the need for that united effort is fully realised.

There are ways and ways of helping. I am not referring here to the magnificent efforts of the Governments in alliance with the British Government, for such Governments have already placed their resources at its disposal. Hyderabad has, for instance, two Air Squadrons attached to the Royal Air Force and has not only financed that and other war purposes but has also spared more than one officer to join the colours and is training a complete cadre of Air staff sufficient to form the nucleus of a Flight unit. Our Railway in co-operation with other Departments, is also producing war material while our industries are participating in the supply of certain necessities like hand-woven blankets. It is obviously because of Hyderabad's war efforts and the war efforts made by the Governments of other Indian States that the Berlin broadcast only a few days ago poured its venom against the States in general and certain States in particular in the course of which it tried to convey a number of false impressions with the obvious intention of poisoning the public mind.

My reference is in the main to collective and individual effort by the public and there are many directions which that effort can take.

Collectively, you can form associations of men and of women to collect subscriptions for War Relief

contribution, as has been done in Hyderabad where over Rs. 2½ lakhs have been collected up to date, to causes such as the provision of motor ambulances for the Red Cross Society, of balloon barrage comforts and camp utilities to the Royal Air Force and of relief to Polish refugees. Contributions have also been made from the public fund collected here to the King George's Fund for sailors as we owe to them our gratitude for keeping the high seas open for us; we owe it to them, for example, that nearly all our new paper machinery for the paper factory we are about to start in Hyderabad has arrived safely. Women can also help collectively and the sub-committee formed in Hyderabad sent, for example, 12 cases of Christmas gifts to Hyderabad troops serving in India outside these Dominions and warm clothes, pull-overs, mufflers, bandages, pneumonia jackets and knitted garments to the Indian troops in Egypt. The Women's sub-committee has also been training a nursing division and 12 ladies of all communities have already passed in first aid and sick nursing.

And then there is individual effort which itself can take different forms. You can contribute in your person by offering yourselves for recruitment and of this there are many fields open. His Exalted Highness' Government has, as a matter of fact, decided to make up the pay of any civil officer permitted to join military service and I am sure that those of you who may be in civil employ will find similar facilities given to you by your Governments. You can also contribute home products and cloth and other articles for the comfort or treatment of our troops abroad. You can, of course, also contribute financially. You will, I am sure, be touched to learn that the servants of one household, to my own knowledge, make a monthly contribution; in doing so, they are not only acting generously but very sensibly too, as they and all of us have indeed far more at stake than what such contributions represent.

A good way of combining contribution towards defence with saving and investment is to subscribe to

the Indian Defence Loan launched by the Government of India in the shape of certificates giving an average yield to maturity of 31/8 per cent. compound interest, income-tax free, and to the six-year 3 per cent. Indian Defence Bonds with redemption bonus of 1 per cent. There is also a three-year interest-free loan for those wishing to contribute to the war effort but not desirous of receiving interest—a scheme which gives the best possible direction to saving. There is also the British War Savings Movement which is open to the Indian investor, both small and large, which also combines assistance with investment.

There is another way in which you can all be helpful. I have already referred to German broadcasts which are endeavouring to spread false impressions in India. This is done in the ostensibly harmless form of news or talks. I am sure that while none of you will regard such news or talks as anything but false propaganda and will know what value should be attached to the professions of sympathy with the aspirations of India, knowing as you do the real objectives of the Nazis and Hitler's own opinion in regard to the grant of greater administrative powers to Indians as a betrayal by the British of the rights of the Teutonic race, you will also help by stopping the spread of rumours based upon such false news or talks. These rumours are calculated obviously to injure the morale of the Indian people and how wrong they are is proved by the categorical denial made by the Government of India with regard to the rumours that it was about to legislate for the appropriation of private property and private funds. I may take this opportunity of denying that rumour with equal emphasis as far as Hyderabad is concerned where private property and private holdings, whether in cash or in kind, remain as secure as ever.

And, since in these matters as in all others there is a divine will working which is not unapproachable by human prayer, I believe that we can all help by common prayer. Only the other day, the people of

India observed national prayer for the victory of the Allied arms and in Hyderabad a public holiday was ordered by His Exalted Highness for the purpose. All classes and communities participated in different houses of worship and His Exalted Highness himself offered prayer at the Mecca Masjid. Since then, with a gallantry admitted even by the Berlin broadcast, the British Expeditionary Force extricated itself from the dangerous situation in Belgium with four-fifths of its strength after finding its flank suddenly exposed as a result of the unexpected defection of the Belgian King which left no alternative but that of withdrawal. The success of that hazardous venture when the German High Command was counting upon its total surrender, may well be an answer to our national prayer; for I am fully convinced in the truth of that Persian verse which says:—

“Fear the sighs of the oppressed for when they
pray

Acceptance comes to meet them from the gateway
of Heaven”.

~~*****~~

To England

ENGLAND ! 'Twas not thy pomp of martial power
To which I gave the homage of my heart.
I saw thee in thy brightest darkest hour,
Guarding the great World's peace -- thy
destined part.

The vision of thy glory in mine eyes
Was thy true self, a power ordained by fate,
To strive for good as glory's noblest prize !
This taught me, while a boy, to hail thee great.

God made thee guardian of the rights of man,
God gave thee of His power to raise mankind
Trode in the dust. He fixed thee in His plan
As warder of the Trust to thee assigned.

Supreme on land and water didst thou reign ;
But ne'er unmindful of thy God's command,
Who lent thee grace and taught thy heart to gain
More than the power of thy sceptred hand.

* * * * *

The brute in man has risen from his lair
To make God's peaceful earth a hell of strife ;
The poison of his breath is in the air ;
His claws are closing round the heart of life !

Religion, law and morals cast aside,
He owns no grace while revelling in power.
The doom of nations masked in fiendish pride,
The world awaits her destiny's dark hour !

Two thousand years o'er Europe's head have flown
Since in the hour of triumph Cæsar fell.

THE PAGAN GODS HAVE LEARNED CHRIST'S POWER
TO OWN ;
YET CHRISTIAN EUROPE TOLLS THE CHRISTIANS'
KNELL !

TO STAB THE HEART OF PEACE THEY STAB THE HEART
OF JESUS' SELF,—the Messenger of Peace !
Lo ! from the bursting earth what legions start
With fire and blood, to bid His message cease ;

WOULDEST THOU LOOK ON—AND SMILE UPON HIS FOES ?
DOST THOU NOT KNOW THY FOEMEN FROM THY
FRIENDS ?
ARE THEY NOT SIGNALS OF UNENDING WOES,
THOSE GREETINGS WHICH THEIR TREACHEROUS
VOICE EXTENDS ?

England awake ! And be thyself once more—
The land of chivalry that Shakespeare owned,
When faith and honour gave thee righteous power,
And saw thee on the ocean-world enthroned.

But true to self and true to all around ;
Keep Honour's torch alight, till in thy need
The Power that lives unseen in depths profound
Bring thee its succour, armoured in its creed ! *

1938.

NIZAMAT JUNG

* "The reference is to Islam... Islam and the British Empire must be friends for the world's good".

The Indian States

"CONDEMNATION of the States, and threats, only lead to the very antithesis to the co-operation necessary to the evolution of Greater India".

In these words, Sir Akbar Hydari gave an effective reply to the irresponsible statements, made in certain quarters, that the Indian States are an anachronism and the last stronghold of mediaeval feudalism. The sponsors of such statements would have the world believe that the States are the surviving examples of mal-administration, lacking in any organisation and run solely for the benefit of their rulers. As such, they are to have no place in the future political organisation of the country, and nothing short of total extinction is the fate prophesied for them. But, Sir Akbar, the veteran statesman, who has devoted over thirty years of his life to the service of the largest State in India, thinks otherwise. His voice is that of authority and his views are entitled to every respect. Sir Akbar feels "convinced that the Indian States, based as ~~it is~~ ^{they are} on the experience of centuries of administration by Indians themselves and fortified from time to time in accordance with the changing conditions, will endure".

Much of the ill-conceived criticism, directed against the States, is based on ignorance and want of appreciation of the conditions existing in the States, on the part of self-constituted critics. In the manner of cold weather tourists writing authoritative books on India, the critics also, very much in good faith, believe that they can make damaging pronouncements against a State without ever crossing its borders, or else, after having spent a few days at some threshold. This tendency is aggravated by the present-day curse of rampant communalism. Any stick is considered

good enough to beat with, the government of a State, the ruler of which professes a religion, or belongs to a community, different from that of the critic.

In the true Indian tradition, the States still fight shy of publicity and propaganda. The technique of these modern weapons has been foreign to the very nature of the governments in most of the States. Far-reaching reforms are sometimes carried out without the world outside the borders of the State hearing a word about them. Separation of the judiciary from the executive is still an ideal much sought after in the Provinces of British India but it is an accomplished fact in Hyderabad. Had any of the so-called national governments in the Provinces, which held sway during the past three years, succeeded in achieving the ideal, the measure would have been heralded with a deafening roar of trumpets. If a State can devise a system of financial administration, which can keep its budgets balanced even during a period of severe economic crisis, without the slightest increase in taxation, it is nobody else's concern. In the realm of education a colossal experiment is carried out with success in an Indian State, but very few outside its boundaries know about it, and of these, still fewer have the courage to acknowledge it as an example when proposing a similar change elsewhere. In many of the States, administration reports and statistical publications are still unknown, and not unlike other places, the departmental reports, if published, are hopelessly delayed and serve no useful purpose in throwing light on the actual conditions of administration. Thus, want of organised publicity has tended to perpetuate the ignorance of those, who, nevertheless, profess to know everything about the States.

Every country, however well governed, has within it malcontents having grievances of their own, real or imaginary. These 'fifth columnists' can have nothing good to say about their rulers, and they are always ready to air their grievances to anyone prepared to lend them a sympathetic ear. The Indian States are no exception. The tales carried by such

people to persons outside are more often than not, regarded as gospel truths and sufficient evidence for indictment, without any attempt to ascertain their veracity. Thus, 'hearsay' plays a great part in the condemnation of the Indian States.

Then, there is the feeling of inferiority amongst the States people themselves. Anything which is not a 'true copy' of something to be found elsewhere is regarded as inferior or undesirable. In communing with people from outside the people of the States show an unbecoming modesty, as if they are ashamed of their country and its institutions. The subjects of the Indian States have yet to learn that they can hold their own against any other country, and they are the proud possessors of some features which are the envy of others.

As a matter of fact, the States are better equipped for Swaraj if that word is taken to mean the governance of India by the Indians themselves. No State is a model of perfection. There is no one yardstick to measure the efficiency of administration in all the States. The standard of administration in the Provinces does not afford a sure guide, for it is an undeniable fact that some States are ahead of the Provinces in certain matters. Every Indian State has behind it traditions of rulership. The rulers themselves, in the past, may have been good or bad; more often than not, they have been good and benevolent having the interests of their people at heart. For this reason, there has been more contentment in the States, and that, after all, is the true measure of good government, the *form* of which, being immaterial.

The long peace enjoyed in the States is sometimes branded as contentment arising out of apathy and inertia. The attitude of mind of the people of the States has been 'to live and let live' in peace, always moving forward. The communal trouble outside the States is sometimes described as a struggle for bread and butter but its absence within the States until recently, is evidence of the fact that one community

did not feel the necessity to covet the manna enjoyed by the other. The States have not lagged behind the Provinces in attaining prosperity. The tendency in the States is to move with the times, but this does not mean self-immolation. They will continue to occupy a place in the scheme of things to come, and together, they will comprise a force to be reckoned with in any new order that will be established in India.

ZAHHEERUDDIN AHMED

Islam and Hindu Mystics

DR. Tarachand of the Kayastha Pathshala University College, Allahabad, observes: "There were men of high rank in Muslim religious biography—undoubtedly along with them a host of less renown—who lived and laboured in India, and through their personal contact and influence, spread the ideas of Islamic philosophy and mysticism through the length and breadth of India". It is not my purpose, in the short span of this article to attempt at giving a whole list of these great Muslim sages and saints who by their spotless lives and great spiritual powers had carried conviction to millions of the inhabitants of India. I shall only mention just a few of these great luminaries who had settled in the various Indian provinces and by dint of their spiritual contact had spread the message of Islam among those around them.

Thus had settled in Ajmere, Hazrath Khawja Moinud Din Chishti (1197-1234 A. D.), whose shrine is still annually visited by myriads of Muslims and Hindus. In Delhi lived Hazrath Khawja Qutubud Din Bhaktiyar Kaki who flourished in the reign of the first Slave King of Delhi, who named his famous Qutub Minar after him. Then there was in Bengal, Shayk Jalaluddin Tabrizi, in Bhawalpur and other surrounding States, Sayyid Jalaluddin Bukhari and in Pakpattan, Baba Farid, whilst in the Deccan lived the celebrated Khawja Banda Nawaz whose shrine in Gulbarga attracts even to this day countless Muslims and Hindus every year. Then there was Pir Sadrudin, Sayyid Shah Mir, son of the celebrated saint of Bagdad Hazrath Abdul Qadir Jeelani, who preached in Kathiawad and Bombay. And in the extreme South, there lived the great Saint Nathhar Vali in Trichinopoly and Hazrath Qadir Vali in Nagoor and

Nagapatam. The names of these saints are household expressions for piety and godliness to both the Hindus and Muslims of the South and it is absolutely no exaggeration to state that there is a greater concourse of Hindu men, women and children than of Muslims at the shrines of these Muslim celebrities. And these examples can very easily be multiplied. It was the emanation of light and learning from these divines that attracted countless sons of the soil to the great faith of which they were the noble exponents.

A word, I believe, about the already exploded myth of the propagation of Islam by the sword, may not be out of place here. On the very face of it, if force had played a part in the spread of the new religion, it could never have made a permanent appeal to the great votaries of the Hindu faith, neither could Islam have influenced the great Hindu mystics to whom we shall presently advert, nor would the proverbially sensitive and martial Rajputs, who were the very cream of Hindu chivalry have been willing to sacrifice their all in the service of rulers of an alien race. Prof. O'Leary, the great Orientalist, disposes of this oft-repeated charge against Islam as quite baseless when he says, "History makes it clear, however, that the legend of fanatical Muslims sweeping through the world and forcing Islam at the point of the sword, upon conquered races, is one of the most fantastically absurd myths that historians have ever repeated".

Instead, it was the unqualified monotheism of Islam, with its emphatic appeal to reason and common-sense, backed up by the ideals of liberty of conscience, and a most practical brotherhood of men, transcending all barriers of caste, nationality, colour, position or country, preached by sages and saints of the type mentioned above, that really revolutionized the religious and social life of the country and its peoples. The new faith attracted vast numbers of the denizens of the soil to its fold. Even those who remained outside its pale were none-the-less influenced by it in an enormous measure. For instance, the Hindu Bhakti movement which was started in this period and which de-

nounced idolatry in unmistakable language and preached oneness of God, was the inevitable result of the impact of Islam on Hindu religious experience. The preachers of this creed namely Ramananda, Kabirdas, Baba Nanak, Dada Dyal, Birbhan and a host of other Hindu mystics were, in some measure or other influenced by the spirit of the Islamic faith. We shall, however, for purposes of this article, confine ourselves only to the consideration of a few typical cases of the Hindu thinkers and mystics of this era who came under the influence of Islam.

KABIR.—Of these mystics of the Middle Ages in India, Kabirdas was the most remarkable. His early life, however, is shrouded in mystery. Prof. Bhandarkar accepts 1398 A. D. as the date of his birth. He was the son of a Brahmin widow but was adopted by Niru and his wife Nima, a poor Muslim couple of Benares, who were weavers by profession. He seems to have been endowed with an enquiring mind which took him out into the world early in life and in his wanderings he came across "an old man of bright genius," the Brahman who initiated him into the philosophy of the Hindu religion. His restless spirit, however, again put him on his travels and he spent considerable time with Muslim divines. Prof. Tara Chand quotes from Ramaini, the following significant words, "Manikpur was the dwelling place of Kabir where for long he listened to Shayk Taqi. The same (teaching) he heard at Jaunpur, and at Jhansi (near Allahabad)....."

Thus it is that Kabir's teachings bear an indelible impress of the ideology of Muslim saints and savants. Mark for instance his conception of the Divine; to him God is transcendent (Ar. Muhit) immanent (Ar. Mawjud) within (Batin) without (Zahir). He is the Light (Nur) and "See the Ocean-filling one Light (Nur) which spreads in the whole creation". The last quotation from Kabir's Bakhta reads almost like a translation of the Quranic Verse: (Allaho-Nur us-Sama Wath-e-Wal Ard) "God is the very Light of the Heavens and the Earth....." Kabir's use of allegorical expressions

like "wine and the cup of love, of the lover (Ashiq, Habib) and the beloved (Ma'shuq Mahbub) of the rose and the garden, of the Path, its Stations (Muqamat) and the difficulties of the traveller (Musafir) and his goal" are all, each one of them, clear and undeniable indications of Kabir's great indebtedness to Quranic and Sufistic literature.

There is yet another very evident proof of Islamic thought on the sage Kabir and that lies in his open denial of the fundamental Hindu doctrine of Incarnation: "The Creator did not marry Sita", says Kabir, "nor did He make a stone-bridge across the waters". And "They say that the Lord of the world, finding inequalities of the weak and the strong came as Rama. But Kabir says, before such a one (Rama) who took birth and died, I cannot bend my head" (Tara Chand's 'Influence of Islam on Indian Culture' pp. 163). Again "The ten incarnations people talk do not concern me.....but the Creator is someone else" (K.M. Sen). His denunciation of asceticism, caste differences, worship of idols, gods and goddesses, all these unmistakably point to the great influence of Muslim ideology on the philosophy and teachings of this great sage Kabir.

NANAK.—Guru Nanak, like Kabir was another leader of the radical school of Hindu thought. He was born in 1469 A.D. in the district of Gujranwala whose "towns and villages were honey-combed with Muslim saints and fakirs. Panipat, Sirhind, Pakpattan, Multan and Uchh were places where famous Sufi Shayks had spent their lives and the names of Baba Farid, Ata-ul-Haq, Jalalud Din Bukhari, Makhdum Jahaniyan, Shayk Ismail Bukhari, had become household words for piety and devotion". It was in these surroundings that this "moody and meditative child" Nanak had his being.

In his thirtieth year he renounced his all and accompanied by a Muslim minstrel, Mardana by name, he set out on his travels. He is said to have had long communions with Shayk Sharaf of Panipat.

Shayk Ibrahim of Pakpattan, Pirs of Multan and other Muslim divines. Their influence is "evident in his words and thoughts". To him god is "incomprehensible, endless, incalculable, independent, immortal and absolute. He is not born (Ar. Lam Yalid) nor does he die, He is self-existent) (Samad) and He has no family (Ar. Kufu). He is beyond the beyond". He is the One Lord of all. Further Nanak demands of his devotees a complete surrender to the will of the Lord, and this is exactly what the very word 'Islam' connotes. "Lose yourself and then you will find the king, no other wisdom avails", says Nanak.

He is very hard against idol-worship and asceticism: "He who worshippeth stones, says he, "visiteth places of pilgrimage, dwelleth in forests, and renounceth the world, wandereth and wavereth. How can his filthy mind become pure?" Nanak has no place for incarnation in his scheme. "Nanak", says he, "God is independent, Ram could not erase his destiny". And his tender spirit rises against the iniquities of the caste system and he declares: "I belong not to any of the four castes". Thus it is abundantly clear from all possible authentic evidences both external and internal that Guru Nanak drew largely from Islam, and advertng to this Dr. Tara Chand remarks, "How deep Guru Nanak's debt is to Islam, it is hardly necessary to state for it is so evident from his words and thoughts". And however much the latter day politics may have affected his followers, the creed of Baba Nanak retained the original impress of the master's teachings.

DADU.—Both Kabir and Nanak had numerous disciples in their life-time as throughout the centuries that followed. One of these disciples of Kabir was Dadu Dyal, who according to the historian Muhsin-i-Fani was born in a village of Marwar, in the reign of Akbar. Dadu's immediate preceptor was Kamal, a Muslim disciple of Kabir. Dadu manifests perhaps even greater knowledge of Sufi literature than those who preceded him. His description of

the soul's journey into the celestial and the various stations of the path and the attainment of Gnosis (Marifat) are all significant. Mark the following sentiments: "Dadu regards the whole body as the rosary on which the name of Karim (the Generous One) is repeated; there is One pervading the Universe, and there is no second and the word (Kalimah) is He himself". And again ".....the whole nature is His own form, for He is inside all.....by one word he created all (of Ar. Kun fa Yakum)". "Man, as long as he is separated from him, is a sinful creature, his salvation consists in rending this veil of duality".

Dadu Dyal held the same opinions as his masters Kamal and Kabir in regard to castes, priests, idols and incarnation and preached that man passed through all the cycles of births and deaths in one lifetime, for he declares: "The nature of eighty-four lakhs of lives is within you; there are many births in a single day but few understand them!"

BIRBHAN.—Dadu Dyal left behind him numerous disciples. His influence on his contemporaries was unbounded, the most illustrious of whom was the sage Birbhan, lovingly called by Muslims Pirbhan. He too was saturated through and through with the spirit of that great age. He was born in 1543 A. D. near Narnal in south-eastern Punjab. He was also a staunch Unitarian and called God by the name of Satnam. He founded the famous sect of the Sadhs who are also known as Satnamis belonging to Satnam, the True Name.

Birbhan was the disciple of Udho who in turn was affiliated to the order of Raidas, one of the twelve chosen ones of Ramananda. Thus he was the product of the age and had drunk deep of its spirit. He enjoined upon his followers that they should observe no caste distinctions. He ordained "Adore One God under the name of Satnam and do not heed any material representation of him". The Twelve Commandments (Hukums) of the Sadhs, which

are the quintessence of their order, are embodied in the Adiupdesh (the first precepts) some of which clearly reveal a deep Islamic impress. Some of these injunctions read as follows: "Let not a Sadh be superstitious as to days or to lunations, or to months or the cries or appearance of birds and animals; let him seek only the will of the Lord". Again "Acknowledge but one God who made and can destroy you, to whom there is no superior and to whom alone therefore is worship due; nor to Earth, nor to stone, nor metal, nor wood, nor trees, nor any created thing. There is but One Lord". And again, "Never eat or drink intoxicating substances..... hold not up your hands, bow not down your heads in the presence of idols or of men". Birbhan goes further, "Wear white garments, use no pigmentsnor mark your person, nor your forehead with sectional distinctions....." Impressed with radical teachings such as these, Dr. Tara Chand enthusiastically declares, "It must, indeed, have been a wonderful age which could produce Kabir and Nanak, Dadu and Birbhan together and which could render it possible for them to spread their purifying gospel broadcast."

PRAN NATH— And these great sages were not the solitary instances of this great transformation. This spirit had come to stay and permeated through the centuries that followed. Laldas and Baba Lal who flourished in the middle of the 17th century were the exponents of this new spirit. The lives of Dharnidas and Pran Nath, who were also imbued with this self-same urge, ran into the 18th century. Pran Nath lived in the reign of Aurangzeb and acquired great influence as a religious preceptor. The following is the translation of a hymn attributed to him: "Of what avail is the wearing of the rosary, or the putting on of the marks on the forehead: Of what avail is the abandonment of food and fasting or feeding on milk alone.

What is the use of mortification before five fires, of wearing skins, or standing with face turned up-

wards or sitting in smoke or giving up the use of salt.....? Why abandon wife and retire into forests and practise asceticism? The world forgets that without love all is fruitless"! He ordained: "Stay at home, do not run away in all directions, meditate on the one who is beyond thought and beyond support; in the expanse of the mind's sky His image is seen. He is different from all".

DULAN DAS— This life-giving stream flowed on in the latter part of the 18th century and in the beginning of the 19th as well, when flourished Saha janand Dulan Das and several others imbued with the divine urge. Dulan Das acknowledges his debt to Muslim mystics in the following words: "Now the sorrow of the heart has vanished, the Beloved has come into sight. Living in the company of Saints, I have bowed my head before the true leader (Hadi). Every moment I have His face in my imagination (Tasawwur) and His image shines in my heart: Bu Ali Qalandar, Farid and Tabriz have all sung the same faith..... with sincerity and patience he has shown me 'Allah' who is beyond space (Ar. Lamakan) and beyond sight".

TUKARAM—There lived several other reformers of this radical school in other parts of the country also, in Bengal and Maharashtra, of whom the outstanding ones are Namdev and Tukaram. Tukaram's conception of the divine is almost the same as that of Kabir. Tuka says: "He has neither form, nor name, nor place of abode: He is present wherever we go. He knows neither form nor change of form. He pervades the moving and immovable world. He is neither with nor without attributes; who indeed can know him? He will turn to none, says Tuka, who has not faith in Him". (*Fraser and Maratta: Hymns of Tukaram*)

The old order has changed and a new one has been ushered into existence. But the spirit and the divine urge created by that order has not fortunately

died out. The Brahmo Samaj movement with its exponents in Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Keshub Chandra Sen have kept that great light burning. And in these days of communal distrust and misunderstanding, it does one's heart good to realize how these two great communities have lived throughout those ages in the past, and rising above blinding passions and prejudices, have freely partaken of each other's experiences. In our country, to-day, the chief need of the hour is of mutual understanding and I believe that the study of the lives of these great sages does offer the wherewithal for such an understanding. I can do no better than close this article in the words of Dadu Dyal who sang :

“In all vessels,” whether Hindu or Muslim, there is one Soul ”.

And again :

“The two brothers are hand and feet, the two are the ears,

The two brothers are the two eyes, Hindus and Musalmans”.

SYED ABDUL WAHAB BUKHARI

Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad Bahadur

THE death of Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad has deprived Hyderabad of one of her greatest and noblest sons—a symbol of Hindu-Muslim Unity.

His ancestry is traced back to Raja Todar Mal, the well known vazir of Akbar the Great. The fifth descendant of Todar Mal accompanied the first Asaf Jah Nizam-ul-mulk to the Deccan. Maharaja Chandu Lal, the great-grandfather of Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad, held the post of Prime Minister for 35 years, from 1808 to 1843. Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad was born at Hyderabad in 1864 A.D. He received his early education, under the guidance of his grandfather, Maharaja Narainder Bahadur. Arabic and Persian were taught to him by special tutors and in these languages the young Maharaja attained high proficiency. He had also learnt Sanskrit, Telugu and Marathi and could speak these languages fluently. He received his English education at the Madrasa-i-Aliya. When he finished his education, His Highness Nawab Mir Mahboob Ali Khan Bahadur, appointed him to the hereditary office of Peshkar or Deputy Minister and conferred on him the title of Raja Rajayan-i-Maharaja Bahadur.

In 1901 he was appointed to officiate as Prime Minister, in which office he was confirmed in November 1902. On the 1st January 1903 the British Government conferred on him the title of Knight Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire and a few months later at the Bakrid Darbar in appreciation of his honourable and distinguished career in the service of his sovereign

and of his country he was honoured with the title of Yamin-us-Saltanat by His Highness Nawab Mir Mahboob Ali Khan Bahadur.

In the year (1910) during the birthday festivities of His Majesty King George V, Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad Bahadur was honoured, for very special services rendered to the State as well as to the Government of India, with the insignia of G. C. I. E. This distinction was rather unique as very few Indians had up to that time been honoured with a G. C. I. E.

After a distinguished career of 10 years as Prime Minister, he resigned in 1912. On the 24th November 1926, H. E. H. was pleased to appoint him President of the Executive Council. This position he retained till 1937, when he had to retire on account of old age. He retained the hereditary office of Peshkar till his death last May.

Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad inherited both the belief in charity as the highest virtue and the will which daily gave expression to this belief. It is no exaggeration to state that the amount of money he distributed in alms must have been larger than that of any living nobleman in Hyderabad if not in other parts of India.

In his manners he was unaffected and even humble. He was free from ostentation of every kind and was not expensive in his own person. His profuse, even indiscriminate charity kept him always in need of money. He had great kindness of disposition and was easy of access and affable in his manners towards even the lowest person. Though a nobleman of the first rank, he led the simple life of a Fakir. Indeed, he took supreme delight in calling himself "Fakhir Shad". He made no distinction between the rich and the poor, the high and the low. His religion was one of universal love and benevolence.

His love of literature was indeed great. While he was still in his teens, he showed a remarkable

talent for mystic poetry and His Highness the late Nizam honoured him with the title of Shahgird-i-Khas-Asaf Jah or special pupil of His Highness. For a number of years he edited two monthlies, "Dub-Duba-i-Asafia, a prose journal and "Mahbub-ul-Kalam", a magazine devoted to poetry. His Highness the late Nizam often sent his poetical contributions to the latter journal. Busy as he was since he became the President of the Executive Council, he yet gave some hours weekly to poets and scholars and listened to their original compositions.

The late Maharaja, was the embodiment of a personality ardently loyal and personally devoted to his master and his country, a most faithful and trusted minister for a long period of about 23 years, an ornament to Hyderabad and a pride to the country, renowned as a scholar, philanthropist, administrator and statesman.

MIR GHULAM HASAN ALI,
Junior B. A.

Economic Warfare

ECONOMIC warfare consists of two elements, namely, a policy which is directed towards economising, conserving and mobilising the resources required for the prosecution of the war, and a policy which is intended to weaken the enemy financially and economically, preparatory to his defeat in the field. War requires not only men to fight with arms but also to produce the sinews of war at home. It demands sacrifices as much on the part of the civilians in the shape of taxes and loans, as on those who fight on the military front. Consumption should be curtailed without prejudice to efficiency and production increased, primarily of the war materials. A country which manages its finances efficiently keeping all these points in view, is bound to emerge successful in a struggle.

Mere brute force is not sufficient to win a war. The economic front is as important as the military front. War means destruction of men, money and property. Production is to be stimulated for destruction. This process cannot go on for a long time. Further, foodstuffs are of immense importance. Their supplies should be maintained in tact. Otherwise in the words of Paul Reynaud, the former prime minister of France, "What is the shining armour if the body it protects is withering away?" We have a glaring example in the German failure in the last Great War due to economic weakness. It was on French soil that the Germans laid down their arms. The German morale melted away when the news came from home that the economy and the finances of the country could not stand the strain. The Kaiser's Government was not prepared for a prolonged war and failed to recognize the importance of

economic activity. The supply of essential raw materials was not ensured for a long war, and in the first two years of war, Germany continued to import foodstuffs and manufactured articles that were not necessary for war effort; the home consumption of food was not rationed for a considerable period; and taxes were not sufficiently increased until nearly the end of the war. The net outcome of this mishandling was that Germany succumbed to the superior economic position of the Allies.

Economic warfare requires a policy of encouraging exports, minimising imports, buying the enemy's supplies or bidding up their prices and bidding down the prices of his exports. Let us examine the methods adopted by Great Britain to achieve these ends in the present war. Immediately after the outbreak of the conflict, the Ministry of Economic Warfare was established. Its object is to co-operate with the navy and prevent articles of war reaching the enemy. The blockade is to be stiffened as much as possible.

The mere closing of the enemy's ports and stopping their shipping activity is not sufficient. Commodities can reach the enemy through the neutrals by the process of re-export. Contraband goods are to be secured and withheld unless the authorities are satisfied that they are not meant for re-export to the enemy. This is a terrible task and neutrals are dissatisfied with the interference. The Ministry of Economic Warfare has to maintain statistics and follow up unusual movements in the imports and exports of neutral countries. It also notes and plans the enemy commerce and manufacture which is to be attacked through blockade. A list of neutral traders is maintained who keep connections with the enemy and their turnovers are closely scrutinised. Collection is also made of the information about the output and trade of the enemy and neutral countries.

At Weymouth, Kirkwall, the North Foreland and Gibraltar, contraband control bases have been

set up by the Admiralty. All ships carrying cargoes, which pass by are examined by the Ministry of Economic Warfare with the object of obtaining information whether contraband goods are carried and as to their destination. The findings thus arrived at are referred to the contraband committee which decides whether there is any *prima facie* case for detaining any part of the cargo. The neutral ships then continue their course while the final decision is given by the prize court.

Economic warfare will not be successful only through control of prices at home and stopping supplies of essential materials to the enemy, but the minimization of export prices is also necessary so far as Britain is concerned. She must export, to be able to carry on the fight. Relations with the neutrals must be as friendly as possible. It is equally important for the neutrals that their trade and commerce are not disturbed because England consumes much of their exports.

The importance of exports cannot be exaggerated in war and peace. They pay for imports and "we (the English) are going to win the war by imports". It is to be remembered that no country is prepared to lend, and payment is necessary. Gold, foreign exchange and marketable foreign securities will not last long. The sale of foreign securities will affect the national income in future.

In economic warfare, imports play an important part. Importation will save man power when finished goods are imported. In this way the supply of aircraft from U. S. A. is a great advantage to Britain. Instead of importing certain materials if production of substitutes is resorted to, as in Germany, it will be more costly from the point of view of the man power that it will require.

Increased exports are needed in war-time not only to pay for imported raw material but also to capture the enemy's markets and buy foreign man power as

well. It would be uneconomic to remove the workers in the export trade and retain them in the war industries. Instead, it would be better to keep the export trade workers in tact and purchase munitions from abroad. These munition industries will be out of the reach of bombers. But this will have its own defects; for, it will depend upon the availability of shipping and safety from submarine menace.

Economic warfare does not produce results in a short period. It takes a long time. In the last war it had not begun to be effective until 1916. Similarly its after-effects are also lasting. This will be found specially in the case of an exporting country, which has neglected her exports in war-time and devoted itself to the manufacture of munitions. The maintenance of export trade during the war will act as a shock absorber for the post-war social ills. The Great War has shown to Britain the harm done to foreign trade by neglecting the export industry and thus losing overseas markets. Munition industry will disappear after the war and crippled export industry will fail to absorb the demobilised soldiers who will hang about as unemployed labour. The blockade has restricted the German foreign markets and this must be won by the English in addition to winning the war. In this way the export policy can be developed as an effective technique of economic warfare.

Germany has adopted policies and developed various techniques to meet the danger of economic warfare. The Nazis have taken lessons from their defeat in the last war and engaged themselves in a thorough study and practice of war economy for the last seven years. They have subordinated economic activity to their political aspirations. Free trade is set aside on the ground that it leads to political and economic dependence upon other nations. The economic sanctions of the League of Nations were regarded as a device to interfere with nations who want to rectify the injustice done at Versailles. Thus the Nazis have developed the doctrine of minimum imports and control of foreign trade with a view to

meet home deficiency. The result was the "Four Year Plan." Its object was to attain the maximum of self-sufficiency in the minimum of time. Thus production of *ersatz* material was resorted to and imports and exports were strictly controlled. All energy was employed in the production of substitutes for those commodities which used to be imported from abroad. Wages were kept at a low level and prices were strictly controlled by the State. Taxation was heavily increased and restrictions on hours of work were removed. Strict rationing was adopted in the case of foodstuffs and clothing while other goods were informally rationed by restricting supplies to retailers. Agricultural output was requisitioned by the State. Moreover the general standard of living was brought down.

The most interesting weapon in the armoury of anti-economic warfare is the export policy of Hitlerite Germany. The main feature in the German foreign trade is that while there has been a considerable decline in Germany's commercial relations with U.S.A., and stoppage of trade with the British and the French Empires, there has been a marked improvement in her relations with the states of South America, the Baltic and the Mediterranean region. This is due to the fear of an intensified economic warfare. The share of the countries, with whom relations have improved, in Germany's total imports increased from 36.10% in 1929 to 51.6% in 1938 and their share in Germany's total exports increased from 34.4% in 1929 to 53.3% in 1938. These results were obtained by concluding clearing, barter and payments agreements.

German imports and exports will be affected by the British blockade. Due to reduced imports and the change in trade relations from the French and the English Empires to the Mediterranean and Baltic states, Germany is to-day less vulnerable to the blockade than she would have been in 1939. In the last ten years Germany's imports of finished goods have declined from 17.5% to 7.3%. This shows that more of raw material and foodstuffs is imported. Exports

of finished goods increased from 72.2 % in 1928 to 81% in 1938. Thus an import blockade will hit raw material and foodstuffs more severely than before and an export blockade will fall more heavily on the export industries of finished goods.

Let us see how far the economic warfare for the last ten months has told upon the belligerents. Germany is not showing any distinct signs of exhaustion and her resources have increased. With Spain and Russia as benevolent neutrals and friendly Rumania under practical control, Italy as an active partner and a subdued France, Belgium, Holland and Norway, Germany seems to be at the helm. But Europe depends largely upon supplies of raw materials from overseas and the active British navy can check them. Germany cannot pull on for a long time with so much havoc already caused and with signs of famine in Europe. The crop forecasts made at Berlin officially are lower than the last two years' averages. This war is a test, even more than the last, of economic stamina. The party that is able to hold out longest will succeed.

Great Britain is apparently more vulnerable to a blockade. But sinking of a few English and neutral ships by German submarines and aircraft cannot be really effective. So long as the British are supreme on the high seas and are able to withstand the *blitzkrieg*, they can continue the war and the nation that will hold out longest is bound to succeed.

The idea of national self-sufficiency is impracticable. No country produces all that it requires. Germany is 83% self-sufficient in foodstuffs and less so in raw materials. Italy has to depend upon imports of coal and iron ore. Curiously enough, Japan is self-sufficient in foodstuffs but not in iron ore, manganese or cooking coal. The United Kingdom is as dependent as Germany. The U. S. S. R., in spite of recent industrialisation, is an unknown quantity. It is due to the fact of unequal distribution of natural resources. Shortage of raw materials can be solved

by resorting to one of four alternatives namely, substitution, synthetic production, the recovery of scrap and the accumulation of stocks. In these respects Germany has forged ahead.

Before concluding, let us examine how far India is liable to economic warfare. There is less danger of blockade as India is 82% self-sufficient in foodstuffs and the deficiency of 18% is supplied by her immediate neighbour, Burma. Similarly she is not at all short of industrial raw materials. They are widely available and in fact, for the bulk of her export trade, India of to-day can actually produce 90% of her war requirements. She can again depend upon Burma for petrol. But machinery and technical labour are still imported from abroad. The recent schemes to start motor car, ship and aeroplane manufacture in this country are healthy steps toward making India less vulnerable to economic warfare.

In the present war, India is also contributing prominently to the economic front. She is as much a mine for raw materials as she was in the last war. In addition, due to her present industrially advanced position, she is also supplying finished articles such as iron and steel goods, ammunitions, boots, blankets and sand bags. The richness of India in manganese and mica, so useful for armaments, is really a great asset.

Economic factors will be the deciding element in the present war. As has been repeatedly emphasised, the nation that will be able to hold out the longest will win. Guns, troop movements, and air raids alone do not decide the war. Armies march on their stomachs. The result of the last war is also before us to remind and convince us that economic warfare must be the decisive factor in the present war as well.

SYED ILTIFATH HUSAIN

Hons. V.

Science and Nutrition-Vitamins

“TO mankind the subject of food has ever been of paramount interest. The caveman was concerned only with consuming anything that was edible, while the civilized being of to-day lives in an atmosphere of culinary refinements. What a world of difference there seems to be between the savage grubbing up a few roots and devouring flesh, and the gastronome surrounded by a host of culinary delicacies! Yet, it is interesting to remember that the diets of both of them are fundamentally alike in their ultimate composition”.

The ingestion of food by the human body or an animal being, fulfils two main purposes. First it supplies energy to the body to sustain it during work; and secondly, it replenishes the worn-out tissues of the bodily organs. Tissues and organs in the human body are composed of certain chemical compounds, and that they may grow, it is essential that they should be supplied with foods containing similar compounds. These substances are known as proteins or nitrogen-containing compounds. All the muscular tissues and glandular secretions consist largely of proteins and are continually used up in bodily exertions. As such, proteins are necessary for the maintenance of life. Various movements of the body and the bodily organs require energy and this is supplied by carbohydrates and fats. There are substances containing starch and sugar. The other group of chemical substances required for the body are the mineral foods. But as we shall see later on, there are, apart from the above, certain other food constituents, known as vitamins without which life cannot exist at all.

Vitamins were not discovered in a sudden flash of inspiration. There was a growing consciousness for a long time that health and diet were intimately connected together. Scattered evidences show, that even as far back as the 13th and the 14th centuries physicians and doctors, especially the Indian Ayurveda physicians were aware of the possible existence of the essential foods, other than fats, carbohydrates, proteins and minerals. This was confirmed during the latter part of the 19th century. A series of experiments were made on rats, which were carefully reared on a special diet consisting only of proteins, carbohydrates and fats. It was found that on such a diet the animals survived for a very short period; but when a very little quantity of natural milk was included in it, they grew up rapidly and regained their normal health. Natural milk is known to contain all the above foods. It was naturally concluded, that milk contained other food constituents apart from the above, which were indispensable to health; and that growth was impossible on a diet of the above foods only. It was also observed at the same time that in the course of long sea-voyages, when fresh rations were unavailable, a disease known as scurvy was prevalent among the crew. All these observations showed that in man's diet something had to be present apart from proteins, etc., to maintain him in good health. Something else was required to keep the human engine going on; apparently this something else was required in small quantities, but it was required absolutely.

The discovery of these food constituents has been a very gradual process and as such it cannot be attributed to a single individual. Each chemist added his own quota to the researches made before him. The development of the science of nutrition to what it is now, has been made possible only in recent years, after the spectroscope and other instruments of chemical detection, have been perfected to a high degree of accuracy and precision. The vitamins are present in very minute amounts, and their chemical make-up is so complicated that only the modern

methods of micro-analysis make it possible to isolate them and study their reactions.

‘What is a Vitamin’ is a question often put by those who are reading about them. It is not easy to give a clear-cut definition of the word, so as to enable a layman to follow it, though, most of the readers of the daily press might be having a vague idea of its meaning. The simplest way in which it can be defined is, that it is a chemical compound, having individual properties of its own. The number of vitamins discovered is still not well known; the average reader however can take it for granted that there are four principal products, named respectively after the first four letters of the alphabet.

Vitamin A was the first to be discovered and was found to be present in natural milk. Fish liver oils are some of the best sources of this vitamin. Among these, those of salmon and halibut are a hundred times as rich in this vitamin as that of the cod. Modern researches show that plant tissues contain a yellow colouring substance called carotene, and that when it is present in animal bodies, it is converted into vitamin A. Green vegetables are rich sources of vitamin A due to their high carotene content. Spinach, cabbage, lettuce, peas and carrots are rich in it. Among the fruits, papaya is rich in it, while grapes, apples, oranges, pineapples and mangoes contain appreciable amounts.

Though dangerous shortage of this vitamin is not very common, yet its importance in human diet cannot be too strongly emphasized. Its deficiency undermines the resistance of the body to bacterial infections, and also causes the delicate membranes covering the organs of the body to dry up. In its extreme form it is characterized by night blindness. It is now known why the retina—as the sensitive membrane at the back of eye is known—takes some time to adapt itself to darkness, when suddenly brought into total darkness. This is due to the formation of a light sensitive pigment known as ‘visual

purple.' Considerable research has led to the discovery of the presence of vitamin A in visual purple. Even a slight deficiency of this vitamin seriously affects the ability to see in the dark or in subdued light, with disastrous consequences under black-out conditions. How many accidents would be minimised it cannot be said, if the two groups of men who need the finest vision——drivers and miners——are better fed. The present war and the economy in the consumption of food, has led to a slight deficiency of this vitamin; so much so, that the A. R. P. leaders are having a pretty time indeed with blackened vision during black-outs !

Vitamin B is concerned in the assimilation of carbohydrates in foods, and in the functioning of the nervous system. There is now a general consensus of opinion that beri beri, a disease occurring among the rice-eating populations, is a disease of dietetic origin. It is caused by a deficiency of vitamin B in the diet, and still constitutes one of the major health problems in the East. This disease is associated with various symptoms like paralysis, shortage of breath, and numbness. Those who eat highly milled rice are prone to this affliction. The natural rice grain has an outer covering of what is known as pericarp, along with the husk. This is rich in vitamin B and the latter is therefore lost when the rice is highly polished. Human beings, however, rarely live on rice alone and the usual consumption of a certain amount of other foodstuffs prevents an absolute correlation between the incidence of the disease and the vitamin contents of the rice consumed.

Truly speaking vitamin B is not a single substance like the other vitamins, but discovered to be a complex mixture, consisting of other vitamins differing slightly in their chemical make-up. These are named as Vit. B₁, Vit. B₂, etc., and are used to fight some specific diseases. Yeast is found to be very rich in this vitamin. Unmilled rice and eggs are also good for their vitamin B content.

Scurvy has for many centuries been regarded as a disease due to dietetic errors, and rightly so. It was called the "mariner's disease", for it used to be a terrible scourge on long voyages when sea-men were for weeks unable to obtain fresh fruit and meat. It will be remembered that the men aboard the ship on which Vasco De Gama sailed towards India, suffered terribly from this disease. Of the 160 that set out on the voyage, only about 60 reached the shores of India.

A deficiency in this vitamin C results in the joints becoming tender and swollen. Lethargy and hemorrhages also follow. Cabbage and water cress are two of the richest sources of this vitamin. Of fresh fruits, the orange, the lemon and other allied fruits of the citrus variety, and the tomato, take the first place as anti-scorbutic—that is, anti-scurvy—agents. It is important to note that on exposure to air or on boiling, the anti-scorbutic agents lose their vitamin content. As such, tinned fruits have little or no vitamins at all. Obvious cases of shortage of this vitamin are generally rare; still, many of the poorer classes and nursing mothers need more of the vitamin than they actually consume.

Most dietaries of the civilised world contain only very little of vitamin D. While scurvy and beri beri are now more or less prevalent among the primitive peoples only, rickets, a malady associated with the lack of vitamin D, is definitely a disease of civilization, and is of frequent occurrence in the large cities of Europe and America. The most characteristic manifestation of the disease is bending of the long bones of the legs. It is seldom directly fatal, but the effects of rickets on the individuals are extremely serious and may well last into adult life. Rachitic female infants may suffer from deformities of certain organs, which are later, sources of great danger to themselves and their babies. A remarkable result of the work on rickets was the discovery that light rays from the sun or the ultra violet radiations exert a profound influence on the disease. Ultra violet

rays are present in sunlight; they can be produced artificially as well, by the mercury vapour quartz lamp. It was also discovered that many oils and vegetable tissues when exposed to the radiations of the ultra violet, form powerful anti-rachitic agents. Patient and long research showed, that ergosterol, one of the group of substances called sterols, was converted into vitamin A after sufficient exposure to sunlight or ultra violet rays. These sterols are to be found widely distributed throughout nature, both in the animal and the plant world. As such this disease is most prominent in the slums of cities, which are cut off from sunlight for a greater part of the year. The richest sources of the vitamin are irradiated cod liver oil, milk, butter and eggs.

We have seen how vitamins are essential for the maintenance of general health, and how specific diseases are brought about by their deficiency. It must be remembered, however, that the average dietary of the civilized world to-day, is sufficiently varied as to prevent the occurrence of an absolute lack of any vitamin; but the partial deficiency that may arise should be at once rectified if the youth of the nation are to have the chance they deserve. Let us now see how far the various common articles of food which figure largely in our dietaries, contain the vitamins.

Rice is almost the staple diet in this country and it is important to see that it is not wholly milled, but only husked. Vegetables are more indispensable as they provide a rich and varied range of foodstuffs. The practice of boiling the vegetables especially with baking powder is to be condemned. They are best eaten raw or they should be boiled as little as possible in water only. Lettuce and carrots have a fair supply of vitamins. Almost all the vitamins are to be found in the yolk of the egg, which is particularly rich in vitamins A and D. Ordinary meat and fish, though a good source of proteins have no value as a source of vitamins. Ordinary white bread is devoid of vitamins, but a great deal can be said in favour of whole-wheat or brown bread. Butter is important only for its fat, but crowning them all, comes milk, the king

of all foods. It is the perfect food; it is all in one. It contains proteins, fats, carbohydrates and all the vitamins.

It is regrettable, however, that there is much loose writing in the press about these food constituents which creates a misconception of their values, and against this the layman must guard himself carefully. He who is under the impression that he is getting his requirements of vitamins if he has his morning glass of orange juice, is gravely mistaken. Vitamins are individual chemical compounds and can in no circumstances replace one another. Orange juice is a valuable source of one vitamin and one only. Crates of oranges will not cure rickets, for they contain no vitamin D. whatever, and only crates and crates of the fruit will mitigate night blindness for they are poor sources of vitamin A ! At the same time one must not lose sight of the other aspect, the necessity for foodstuffs as energy-givers and tissue-builders. Vitamins are not foods, and although man cannot live without them, equally, man cannot live on vitamins alone.

S. RAGHAVENDAR RAO,
Junior B. Sc.

The Hon'ble Raja Dharam Karan Bahadur

THE Hon'ble Raja Dharam Karan Bahadur who has recently been nominated to the Executive Council of H.E.H. the Nizam, as its Public Works Member, by the gracious commands of His Exalted Highness, is a distinguished son of a distinguished father and comes of a distinguished family. This family is one of the premier noble families of Hyderabad and possesses a proud record of loyal service to the house of Asaf Jah and of great achievements which are chronicled in the history of India and the Deccan. The unique feature of the history of this family is that each one of its generations has given to the State eminent ministers and high officials. Thus, as we unfold the history of the family, we unfold the history of the state. The family first attained eminence when the great ancestor of the Raja Saheb, Raja Raghunath was appointed Minister during the great days of the Mughal Empire. The family association with the state of Hyderabad begins with Raja Sagar Mull, who as an orphan was brought up under the loving and affectionate care of the great statesman of the 18th century, the Nawab Asaf Jah Nizam-ul-Mulk who was then prime minister of the Mughal Empire. The great Nizam-ul-Mulk treated the Raja as his own child and when the Raja attained majority, he, as a token of his confidence and trust in the Raja, entrusted to the Raja the stewardship of his household. When Asaf Jah came to the Deccan and founded the kingdom of Hyderabad, Raja Sagar Mull who accompanied his master to the Deccan received the appointment of the *Sir Daftar-e-Dewan* which was a post of great confidence and trust. Since then, all



THE HON'BLE RAJA DHARAM KARAN BAHADUR

the members of the family have appended the proud surname of Asaf Jahi to their names. Some idea of the importance of this office may be gathered from the fact, as chronicled in the history of those times, that as many as 700 officers and clerks were working in this great department of the state. The loyal services that the Raja rendered to the royal house and the state were very much appreciated by the people and the sovereign. On his demise, a royal warrant of appreciation was granted to his eldest son Raja Bhawani Das Dharamwant which bears eloquent testimony to the devoted services rendered by the Raja to the ruling family. It begins thus: "In recognition of prescriptive claims, fidelity, integrity and devotion to our Person....."

Raja Sagar Mull's two sons, Raja Bhawani Das and Raja Durga Das, following the footsteps of their father, served their royal master with that loyalty and single-minded devotion which had, by then, become the distinguishing feature of this great family. In recognition of their services, both the sons were promoted under rather dramatic circumstances. It was on the historic battlefield of Kurdla in the Bhima valley that the elder brother was promoted head of the Dewan's office and the younger one was appointed *Peishkar*, and the titles of *Dharamwant* and *Diyanatwant* bestowed on them respectively. The conferment of glittering honours and responsible offices of the state on the brothers during this great crisis in the history of the Hyderabad state, was a measure of the services they had rendered and still more of the character they had borne in remaining unswervingly loyal to their king and country. Raja Bhawani Das passed away in 1212H. and Raja Durga Das who succeeded his brother in the office of Dewan died shortly after in 1213H. Raja Kewal Kishen, son of Bhawani Das, was placed in charge of the great office which had by then become hereditary. In the reign of Nawab Sikander Jah, Raja Khushal Chand was appointed to the post and in recognition and appreciation of his loyal services a gift of five valuable jewels was conferred on him in 1232H. In

the same regime, the office of *Kanoongoi* which in those days formed the most important department of the state and controlled its finances was hereditarily vested in the family. Even after a later reorganization of the revenue department of the state, the distinction of holding this office, was, by virtue of a *sanad* granted in 1257H., made perpetual in the family. On Raja Ugagar Chand assuming charge of office in 1259H. the title of Rai Bahadur was conferred on him. In addition, the honours of a mansab of *Haft-Hazari* with *Alam and Nakkara* (standard and kettledrum) were bestowed on him. After his death his brother Ram Parshad Lala Bahadur took over this important office and after him, Raja Indarjit Bahadur, the grandfather of the Hon'ble Raja Dharam Karan Bahadur assumed charge of this great office of the State.

Raja Indarjit Bahadur was an eminent scholar of Persian and Sanskrit and learnt English as a fellow student with the great Sir Salar Jung. He died in 1292H. leaving five sons (i) Raja Shivraj Dharamwant Bahadur, (ii) Raja Ram Raj Bahadur, (iii) Raja Murli Manohar Bahadur Asaf Nawaz Want, (iv) Raja Lokchand Bahadur and (v) Raja Lochan Chand Bahadur.

The eldest, Raja Shiv Raj Bahadur succeeded to the hereditary post and was the recipient of the title of Raja Rajman Dharamwant Bahadur. His only son Raja Shanker Raj Bahadur pre-deceased him in 1338H. The third brother, Raja Murli Manohar Bahadur, who was Accountant-General during the reign of the late Highness Mir Mahbub Ali Khan, had the title of *Maharaja Asaf Nawaz Want*. He was one of the famous Accountants-General of the state and performed his duties with that devotion and unswerving fidelity to the ruler and the state which the public in Hyderabad have learnt to associate with the scions of this great family. He died in 1332H. during the lifetime of the Raja Shivrā Bahadur leaving three sons: Raja Inder Karan Bahadur, Raja Dharam Karan Bahadur, and Raja Mahbub Karan Bahadur. The eldest, Raja Inder

Karan who served the state as Subedar and latterly as Commissioner of Customs, died in 1353H.

From the above brief review of the family history and achievements of its more noteworthy members, one can get an idea of the heritage of loyal and yeoman service to the house of Asaf Jah and the great state of Hyderabad, which the Hon'ble Raja Dharam Karan Bahadur brings with him to the great office that he has been called upon to assume. Apart from this proud heritage and traditional association with the house of Asaf Jah, the Hon'ble Raja Saheb is himself a highly talented and experienced officer of the state. He was born in 1307F. and he received his primary education from able tutors under the careful supervision of his talented father. He was subsequently educated at the Hindu High School and the Harris High School, Madras, from where he matriculated. At the Kayasth Pathshala, Allahabad, and the Nizam College, Hyderabad, he pursued his college course. He then competed for the H. C. S. examination in 1326 F. and after passing it, was attached to the Bellary district for a year. In Bellary, he received practical training as a probationary Deputy Collector and later passed the departmental examinations of the Government of Madras.

In Amerdad 1329F. he entered service in the Revenue Department as a Third Talukdar, first grade, and was promoted Second Talukdar on the 12th Ardhibehisht 1329F. From the 6th Azur 1338F. to 31st Thir he worked as the Nazim of his own family estate, the Raja Shivraj Bahadur Estate; thereafter, having worked in various districts as Second Talukdar, he became Assistant Secretary to Government in the Revenue Department in 1341F. From this post, he was sent to Warangal as First Talukdar. In view of his fine record of service in the districts of Asifabad, Bidar, and Mahbubnagar, he was nominated by Government to the Legislative Council, and recently, in gracious recognition of his talents, efficiency and impartiality, His Exalted Highness has nominated him to the Exe-

cutive Council as the Minister-in-charge of the Public Works portfolio.

Affable in temperament, polished in manners, courteous to his subordinates, the Hon'ble Raja Saheb in spite of the high status in life which nobility, affluence and official position confer, is extremely simple in his ways and habits. These high qualities of character have secured for him the regard and respect of the public in Hyderabad. Sincere solicitude for the welfare of the people and unswerving loyalty and unfaltering devotion to the royal master have been the distinguishing traditions of his family. The Hon'ble Raja Dharam Karan Bahadur, as a true scion of this great family, is fully equipped mentally and temperamentally to maintain these great traditions. He uses with great pride the distinctive appellation of Asaf Jahi to his name. Endowed as he is with great gifts of character and urbanity of manners, a taste most truly refined, a judgment sound and balanced, and an intense love of his homeland, the Raja Saheb is rightly looked upon as a worthy successor of those great ministers which the aristocracy of Hyderabad has given to the country. In official life, he discharged the duties of the several important offices that he held in the state, conscientiously and well. We have no doubt that in days to come, the Raja Saheb will, with the qualities of head and heart that he possesses, his ripe administrative experience, his broad outlook on life, and above all, his thorough knowledge of the country and the aspirations of its people, earn for himself an honoured place in the gallery of eminent statesmen of Hyderabad. We wish him a long, useful and very successful career.

TEJ NARAYAN

Senior B. A.

Mimosa and the Sun

HOW proudly rides my gay Cavalier
Upon his prancing steed,
His manly brow and dauntless glance
Mark him a warrior breed.

He rides, with jewelled girdle round,
In dazzling majesty,
To help the weak, to win the strong
His trusted blade is free.

Alone he rides for leagues on leagues,
Ov'r roads and ruts the same,
There's none from a lisping child upward
Who does not know his name.

* * * *

Through lattice-window once I saw
A bloody combat rage
Between the might and main of Youth
And cunning of the Age :

A Knight-in-Black, with blood-red eyes,
Advanced with shield and lance
To meet the Knight-in-White who held
Him back with fiery glance.

I do not know what Furies are,
But I just saw perchance
A glimpse of their full passions cast
In that one angry glance.

I trembled lest he cast that eye
Upon poor me by chance !
I prayed to God to save White Knight
From Black Knight's bloody lance.

But while I shut my eyes and prayed,
The combat ended there,
The Black Knight lay dead on the ground,
The White Knight was nowhere.

* * * *

An Eastern Castle, dome on dome,
With towers and turrets high,
Loomed awesome in the distant space
Against the azure sky.

And there, within the castle walls,
A room, with padlocked door,
And windows barred, was left untouched
For centuries and more.

And now and then a waft of breeze
Came laden, through the door,
With music strange and acrid scents
That none had known before.

And every time, on third of moon,
The padlock dropped to floor,
The door swung open silently
As if there was no door.

Fantastic forms moved to and fro
With noiseless foot-falls,
And ghostly shadows danced along
The corridors and halls.

Across the court, and through the gate,
And ov'r the moat they went ;
There fell a hush, then thunder rolled,
As though the sky was rent.

And out of gloom a light burst forth,
A light intense and gray,
And people, in their ignorance,
Called it the Break of Day.

* * * *

But I alone full knew the truth,
It was my Love's behest
To keep it secret what he did
Athwart the East or West.

And every night I lay asleep
There lay on me a charm,
And every morning I arose
I found my bedside warm !

MOHD. NASEERUDDIN KHAN

M. A. (Edin.)

The Standard of Life in India

IN this short essay an attempt is made to examine the vital problem of the Indian standard of life in relation to production and distribution. This is a subject on which a good deal of controversy has arisen in recent years with the rise of socialistic principles and ideas. There are some who maintain that a rise in the Indian standard of life could only be brought about by an augmentation of production, while others hold that this end would really be achieved by placing our methods of distribution on a more just and equitable basis. First we shall examine the question from the point of view of production.

The subject of relationship between wealth and welfare is a complicated one. Clay writes: "Study, at any rate economic study, is for action. The immediate object is welfare, to which wealth is a means in two ways: (i) some wealth is the indispensable condition of physical existence, and therefore the basis not only of health but of every intellectual and spiritual activity; and (ii) any addition to wealth above the indispensable minimum means, addition to welfare by increasing man's freedom". Let us pause and get a glimpse of Indian economic conditions with reference to her wealth and national income on the one hand and the welfare of her teeming millions on the other.

Various estimates of India's national income have been made. If we compare Dadabhai Naoroji's estimate of Rs. 20 per head in 1870 to that of Sir M. Visvesvarayya of Rs. 82 in 1922-23, we find an increase more than fourfold. But the real question is whether this rise is sufficiently high and adequate. Is it adequate to ensure a civilized standard of life for our people? Not only is our national income deplor-

ably low but it is also ill-distributed. Even the most optimistic enquiries—whether national or regional—only serve to emphasize the fact that the inhabitants of this country are beset with a poverty for which there is no parallel in modern times in the countries of the West. Comparison of India with other countries presents the same sorry picture even after allowing a wide margin against local peculiarities of climate, temperament and tradition. The annual *per capita* income in Japan, a country far poorer in natural resources than India, is over three times as much as in India, a fact that redounds to the credit of the Japanese. The *per capita* income in the United Kingdom is Rs. 1,092, in the U.S.A. Rs. 2,053, in Canada Rs. 1,268. Where does India stand? What is the cause of the appalling poverty in India and what are the possible remedies? India as Dr. Saha says is twenty times poorer than the average western country, because her total output of work is twenty to thirty times less. The average *per capita* work done in a country like Sweden amounts to about 1,800 units. The corresponding figure for India is 100 units. This is the key problem says the doctor. India is twenty times poorer because her out-turn of work and therefore of production is twenty times less.

So production and more production, it is said, is the pressing need if we would contemplate a rise in the standard of life in the near future. The National Planning Committee which is studying the fundamental economic problems of our country says that the national government must find out a method of pushing up the national income to five times its present figure within 10 to 15 years. The old order has changed yielding place to new and we should fulfil ourselves in many ways. The salvation of India must lie in adopting new methods and marching abreast of the times.

We have not been developing the power resources of our country which are practically unlimited, and making use of them for the production of such commodities and services as are indispensable for an

increase in our standard of life as required by modern conditions. Sir M. Visvesvarayya has calculated that only 2% of the power resources of India have been developed. Dr. Rushbrook Williams says, "India was unable, despite her wealth in raw materials, to produce more than a small fraction of the articles essential for the maintenance of civilized activities." A visit to our rural and forest areas would give some idea of the vast prospects there are for paper and allied industries, and for an augmentation of production.

In the past, glorious civilizations of Greece, Egypt and Rome were made possible only by the institution of slave labour. Now modern science tells us that one need not make pilgrimages to Africa to secure such labour, but by the harnessing of natural forces by the application of science and by scientific means, one can have services rendered in a ratio out of all proportion to slave labour. As Dr. Saha points out, it is estimated that there are for every citizen of America, fourteen slaves working constantly for him, and these slaves are no other than the powers of running water, or the power of oil or coal which is embedded in the bowels of the earth.

The fundamental aim to be kept in view when "planning" for production in India is to ensure an adequate standard of living for the masses of the country. An adequate standard of living implies a certain irreducible minimum of comforts and amenities commensurate to a civilised standard of life. The main source, by far the most important one, for attaining the minimum standard of life must be the development of agricultural resources and the increase of agricultural production. The fear that our agriculture has reached or will soon be reaching the point of diminishing returns, is ill-founded. Irrigation in Sind, and the high net return on capital invested by Government in irrigation works, are but two examples, to show our potentialities in agriculture.

The ethical value of our philosophy is quite plausible, but when it relegates us to the background

as a nation, and serves only our soul, in the words of Voltaire—"if we have a soul", things must be modified if a "Lebensraum" is desired. If not, the sacred heights of the Himalayas can still accommodate our celestial "rishis."

This is but a brief sketch of existing conditions in our country, to emphasise the vital necessity of augmenting production with a view to raise our standard of life.

Now let us consider the other side of the picture and the arguments which hold that a more equitable distribution of national wealth and income can help much more to raise our standard of life. Distribution unlike production is a social phenomenon; it is primarily a study of the remuneration of the factors of production. The best thinkers of the world are busy with the problem "whether it is really impossible that all should start in the world with a fair chance of leading a cultured life free from the pains of poverty and the stagnating influence of excessive mechanical toil,..... whether it is necessary that there should be the so called "lower classes" at all, i. e. whether there need be large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for others the requisites for a refined and cultured life, while they themselves are prevented by their poverty from having any share or part in that life".—Marshall.

Though it would be senseless to assert that production should be brought to a standstill merely for the sake of an equitable distribution, still when the question of precedence comes in, no one who has given a serious thought to this most important branch of economic study can deny that the need for equitable distribution of national wealth and income is of prime importance. When we study this problem in the light of Indian conditions, with its deplorably low standard of life, certainly it would be the height of folly to maintain that mere increase of production rather than more equitable distribution is the more pressing need of this country. Those who give the

examples of advanced countries of the West such as England, U.S.A., etc., pointing out how an increase in the standard of life has resulted from increased production, fall victim to the fallacy of false analogy. The conditions prevailing in those countries, do not obtain in India. Here we have a hundred and one disabilities under which we suffer. An appalling state of illiteracy with all its concomitant drawbacks is a feature of India. Further we do not have here any "public opinion" so wide and strong as prevails in countries of the West. Therefore, even assuming that an impetus to production is possible, it might well be asked what guarantee is there that this increased national wealth and income would be equitably distributed? Moreover, due to mal-distribution, the high standard of life in western countries has long ceased to be a matter for pride and congratulation, and has developed into the most serious problem facing the state. "The application of science to our national industry and consequently a much better exploitation of the gigantic resources of this country may bring about bigger figures and bulkier profits, but it is bound to be only for the few. The masses are yet far, far away from ability to share in such benefits. What they want is fair distribution of national taxation as well as of the national income. Bentham's 'greatest good of the greatest number,' would bring about much more good as an ideal than any attempt at maximum production."

Not only is the aggregate of national wealth deplorably small in relation to the size of the population but it is also unevenly distributed in India. It has been estimated that about a third of the wealth of the country is enjoyed by about 5% of the population, about 35% is absorbed by about 1/3 of the population while the remaining 30% or less, is distributed among more than 60% of the population. Many people seek consolation in the fact that there is no authoritative presentation of data with regard to the quota of national income which falls to the share of cultivators,—those millions of small cultivators owning small bits of land and tilling the soil

at the margin, more often below the margin. "We are much more concerned about those millions of landless agricultural labourers who cannot expect to become cultivating owners even in the course of four generations in spite of so many hundreds of millions of acres of unoccupied cultivable land—thanks to the oligarchical spirit of the local zamindars and the complexity of the governmental machinery". It is a well known economic maxim that uneven distribution makes for the diminution of welfare and aggravates poverty. Certainly it is bad to have such a low national income; it is worse to have even this so unevenly distributed, but ignorance is bliss they say.

This deplorable mal-distribution of wealth has led to that most miserable feature of our rural life—the problem of our colossal rural indebtedness. The Central Banking Enquiry Committee 1931 estimated that the total agricultural indebtedness of British Indian provinces was in the neighbourhood of Rs. 900 crores. Prof. S. K. Iyengar in his book "Studies in Indian Rural Economics" rightly says, "a serious question is whether this class of landed debtors groaning under proportionately very heavy encumbrances should or should not be helped by Government action". No land mortgage bank can succour the occupier of land whose debts amount to more than 50% of the estimated market value of his holdings. Coercing *sahukars*, a callous administration (not in ideal, but in practice) and courts committed to enforce contracts, all co-operated in setting afoot a progressive desertion of agricultural land for the towns. "Debt on land blighted the assets given by nature." The present apparent unprofitableness of agriculture in India is due not to lack of potentialities, but to disorganization and mal-distribution of the yield from land.

An increase in production in India would require a healthier, more efficient and a much more literate labour. The most unhygienic and unscientific state of the dietary of the Indian masses

which is a direct result of our mal-distribution is the most potent factor obstructing the impetus to further production. A fairer distribution of wealth and income would lead to more production on the one hand, and a greater producing power would lead the masses to more consumption on the other.

As Mr. V. V. Giri says, the demand of labour is most reasonable and has come not too soon. What the worker wants is not charity but the recognition of his just rights. In order to secure an irreducible minimum standard, not only will it be necessary to increase production but also to bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth and income. The operation of the law of equi-marginal utility is being infringed by a very unjust mal-distribution of the national dividend resulting in high rents, high rates of interest and profits but very low wages. These low wages have directly resulted in a low standard of life, logically followed by a low level of efficiency. In such a state of affairs one is at a loss to see how an ignorant, ill-fed, illiterate and hence an inefficient labour force could add, and add appreciably to the production of our country. Therefore the fixing of a minimum wage level by legislation is the most pressing need of the day.

The problem morally, politically, socially as well as economically is whether it is not better that instead of a few having cakes and the many, only stones, all should have bread? Here again the question arises—"Is the population of India doomed to suffer like this always?" The two causes for all this are poverty and disease, the two remedies seem to be a more equitable distribution of the national wealth and income, and an honest assumption of its responsibilities by the State.

True it is that Government in India have tried to do something in order to improve distribution, during the past decade, but the attempts made have fallen far short of requirements. It is not federation, it is not Dominion Status, nor the settlement of the

communal problem, but an adequate start in the direction of a fairer distribution of wealth that is the key to permanent progress in India. If circulars by authorities could secure for the wage-earner a minimum standard of life, if debt conciliation boards could solve the problem of indebtedness on land, if "model" rural reconstruction shows could bring land to the landless, and food to the foodless, why, all our asses would have been horses!

MOHD. AHMADUDDIN SIDDIQUI,
Senior B. A.

Thoughts on Khayyam

I sometimes think that never blows so red,
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled :
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears,
Dropt in its lap from some once lovely head.

(OMAR KHAYYAM)

So mused the great tent-maker of Persia, and surely few thoughts can be so sad as this : that the beauty that blooms now on this most lovely earth, springs always from the death and destruction of the past. From the sufferings of millions was raised the sublimity of the pyramids; thousands have died that men might voyage on the seas unafraid, "ride on the curled clouds", and fly with the birds across oceans and continents. Always from ruin and decay must beauty rise: the flower withers that the seed may be formed which is destined to people the garden with blooms; the sage and the scientist waste themselves in the study of Nature and its ways, that those who follow may profit; and over the grave of Khayyam grows the rose that draws its life from the decaying flesh and inglorious bones of the Poet.

So man stands upon the shoulders of his ancestors, and climbs up the ladder of progress, gazing upwards, unmindful of the rungs he treads on, the skeletal remains of past heroism. Sad, indeed is the story of civilisation, the story of men who spent themselves, their lives and substance for knowledge and the advancement of mankind, and dared to meet failure face to face that others of their race, the generations following, might live the happier for their sacrifices. Sampson and Pasteur, Galileo and Lilienthal proved in their lives that as the Present

strains up towards the promise of the Future, it ruth-
lessly tramples on its pitiful foundation of unrealised
ambitions and broken hearts. It may be that Tennyson
thought of this when he wrote :

B. SALAR JUNG L

I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in diverse tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

As we sit in our cosy rooms and enjoy music
which has travelled thousands of miles before reaching
our ears or learn of happenings in far-off lands ; as
our letters wing their way across great seas and lofty
mountains to give welcome greetings to dear friends ;
—do we ever think of those who dashed their heads
against the stone walls of custom and prejudice and
battled their way through seas of misunderstanding
and selfish opposition to give us the care we so
casually accept ?

Yet, perhaps indifference is best ; for :

“ Who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match ?
Or reach a hand through years to catch
The far-off interest of tears ? ”

Perhaps to think of the rebuffs they met with in
life, and the obscure though not ignoble deaths of
the noblest heroes whom mankind has produced—for
their toil was not for personal glory, the aggrandise-
ment of an individual or a nation, but the betterment
of the human lot—might be too much for us to bear.
And in the horror of realising that his moral code,
his mental eminence, all that separates him from the
pre-historic savage or his own simian ancestor, is due
to unhonoured bones and flesh torn by the vultures,
man might forget the obligation which those self-
same bones entail on him : to look ever forward to
the future, never to the past. For man would still
be the savage roaming in untilled jungles, fleeing and
seeking concealment from the wild beasts over whom

he now rules, had those who have gone before counted the cost of progress. It is our fate to long ever for the impossible and the perfect, and man must advance towards his appointed goal, though individual men may drop on the way.

Yet, is it altogether sad to know that our great heritage was won for us through suffering and sorrow? Is it not sometimes glorious to think that men there were, men of our own race and blood, hemmed in and limited by circumstances and their own human frailties as we are, who rose above these limitations, conquered their weaknesses, and dared to fail that we might succeed? And still more glorious to think that we like them, may labour on that great monument which is the History of Man and strive to attain that future which Tennyson saw when he

“Dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be,
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales ;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained
a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunderstorms;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-
flags were furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the
world”.

MAHBOOB HASAN LATEEF,

B. A.

A Golden Mean

IT is almost a truism to say that College life is a preparation for a better, fuller and healthier life. As life has many aspects, its problems become not only varied but also complex. That complexity can be gauged from the fact of its having certain well-defined phases, economic, political, social, intellectual and spiritual. If each of these phases be taken as an axis we shall see that each has two poles, such as capitalism and socialism, democracy and dictatorship, nationalism and internationalism, science and religion. At different epochs in the history of human thought it will be observed that life has been swinging towards either of these poles. When the pendulum has swung towards any one of these extremes, struggles, conflicts, battles and wars have arisen. A fuller, healthier and more peaceful life has been the product of the balancing of the two opposites. Harmony, peace and contentment will result only when we seek the "Golden Mean". History teaches us that even at the present moment there has been an excess of nationalism in those countries where it had been manifesting itself as Nazism, Fascism or Communism or nearer home as Communalism. The painful result has been bloodshed and destruction on a gigantic scale. Scientific discoveries that were meant for the amelioration of mankind so that the greatest good of the greatest number may be achieved are now directed towards devising means to destroy the largest number within the shortest time and that too at a minimum cost. As a matter of fact even the youth is unbridled in its emotion, and unrest has prevailed. Instead of an Age of Plenty to which we were all supposed to be driven, we have been witnessing the flow of human blood on an unprecedented scale and the destruction of great works of utility and beauty.

Among other things youth's responsibility seems to lie in the direction of guiding emotion into proper channels. For such a laudable purpose of seeking the Golden Mean, cool, clear and independent thinking is necessary. When emotion becomes unbridled, original thinking becomes impossible. The buoyant spirit is fed on what others think and blind faith blurs the mental vision.

Process of Synthesis

On the physical or material side of a living being there is the biological urge to assimilate nutritive substances drawn from the environment in Nature and then to develop itself into a co-ordinated entity. So also on the mental side there is the psychological urge to assimilate knowledge gained from the study of literature, science or history. Such an assimilation presupposes deliberation, comparison, selection, discrimination and then correct valuation. All this means a synthesis of what we read, study and digest in the College course. If that process of synthesis be inadequate, hasty conclusions and sweeping generalisations will result instead of those based upon cool and independent thinking. The works of Mill or Huxley will perhaps take us towards agnosticism. Likewise Carlyle or Emerson may lead us on to supernaturalism or pantheism. The study of the works of Spencer, Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Tolstoy or Gandhi may take us to different ports. All these mighty thinkers have presented various ideals. When we once enter the maze of these bewildering ideals, it becomes supremely difficult for us ordinary mortals, to study the motives underlying the working of their minds, and arrive at right conclusions. The correct valuation of the data presented by these masterminds urgently needs the process of a careful synthesis. For such a purpose a study of the works of Lord Morley or of Rabindranath Tagore becomes helpful. In the pages of books like *Compromise* or *Sadhana* we can find ample material that will be helpful for discrimination and right valuation. They set us on the path of liberalism.

An Illustration

On the 7th August 1940 a simple ceremony took place at Shantiniketan at which Dr. R. N. Tagore was awarded the honorary Degree of Doctor of Literature of the University of Oxford. On that occasion the Hon'ble Mr. Justice A. G. Henderson in introducing Dr. Tagore delivered an address in *Latin*. Dr. Tagore accepting the Degree spoke in *Sanskrit*, while Sir Maurice Gwyer addressed the Convocation in *English*. Sir Maurice then referred to Sanskrit as "that ancient tongue, the venerable mother, from whom the language of the University's address and the language which I now speak trace alike their origin". This sentiment is undoubtedly the result of the synthesis resulting from a comparative study of Sanskrit, Latin and English. His hope that the spiritual forces of the West and the East will mingle and draw strength from one another, is equally profound. The learned Chief Justice of India made also another significant remark when he said that "the spirit of hate and disunity must be met and conquered not on the field of battle alone but in that kingdom of ideas and the mind". To fight and win such a battle in the kingdom of ideas, life in a college affords the best opportunities. It is unquestionably the best period for preparation and mental equipment. Let us then realise that cultures do not clash. Fundamentally they are one. Differences are superficial. A study of the world's history clearly demonstrates that there is always a unity of purpose running through all the currents and cross-currents of human thought. Before we leave the portals of the college if we find the Golden Mean and that unity of purpose, we shall have lived the college life to some purpose and made ourselves fit to be members of the New Order that is to come.

#

G. A. CHANDAVARKAR

Romance of Man's Flight

○F all man's great achievements none is perhaps more full of human interest than those concerned with flight. We regard ourselves as remarkable beings, and our wonderful discoveries and inventions induce us to believe that we are the cleverest of all the living creatures in the great scheme of creation. And yet in the matter of flight, the birds beat us. What has taken us years of education and vast efforts of intelligence, foresight, and daring to accomplish, is known to the tiny fledglings almost as soon as they come into the world.

It is easy to see why the story of aviation is of such romantic interest. Man has been exercising his ingenuity and deliberately pursuing a certain train of thought, in an attempt to harness the forces of Nature and compel them to act in what seems to be the exact converse of Nature's own arrangement.

In discussing the problems of aviation we are mainly concerned with the mutual attraction of the earth and the bodies on or near its surface, this being called "Terrestrial Gravity." Now when a man rises from the ground in an aeroplane he is counteracting this force by other forces.

In one of the English papers was a sketch picture, entitled "MAN TRIUMPHANT" in which Nature was represented as a giant of immense stature and strength, standing on a globe with outstretched arms, and in his hands were shackles of great size. Rising gracefully from the earth, immediately in front of the giant was a pilot seated in a modern flying machine, and on his face was a nonchalant look as though he were delighting in the duel between himself and the giant. The

artist had drawn the picture so skilfully that one would imagine the huge, knotted fingers grasping the shackles, were itching to bring the pilot within their clutch. No doubt many of those who saw that picture were reminded of the great sacrifices made by man in the past. In the wake of the aviator are many memorial stones of mournful significance.

In the year 1782, two Frenchmen, brothers, named Stephen and Joseph, made paper bags and filled them with smoke, and were astonished when they saw that the bags rose into the air, for the hot air is lighter than ordinary air. Using this principle the first "Hot Air Balloon" was constructed with a basket attached to it. On a fine day, a sheep, a cock and a duck were placed in the basket and the balloon ascended before the eyes of thousands of astonished spectators. All sorts of guesses were made as to what would be the fate of the "poor creatures". Some people imagined that the animals would be choked to death; others said they would be frozen to death. But the balloon descended, the cock was seen to be strutting about in his dignified way, the sheep was chewing the cud, and the duck was quacking for water and worms. In the following year, De Rozier, accompanied by Marquis d'Arlandes as a passenger, ventured the risky feat of being the first to make a perfect ascent in the balloon. It is said that the name "balloon" was given to this because it resembled in shape a large spherical vessel used in chemistry, which was then known by that name.

In August 1785, an eventful year in the history of aeronautics, the first gas-inflated balloon which being filled with hydrogen—then recently discovered by Henry Cavendish in 1766—shot up into the air much more rapidly than the hot air balloon and was soon beyond the clouds. After a voyage of nearly an hour's duration, it descended in a field some 15 miles away. It is told that some peasants at work near by, fled in great alarm at this strange monster which settled in their midst. They cautiously approached the balloon

as it lay heaving on the ground, stabbed it with pitchforks, and beat it with flails and sticks, no doubt thinking that they had effectually silenced the panting demon contained therein. To prevent such unseemly occurrences in future, the French Government warned the people by proclamation that balloons were perfectly harmless objects, and that experiments would be repeated.

The word "Parachute" is originally French. The first aeronaut to descend by the first parachute, invented by M. Blanchard, was a dog. The astonished animal was placed in a basket attached to a parachute, taken up in a balloon, and after reaching a considerable altitude was released. Happily for the dog the parachute acted quite admirably, and the animal had a graceful and gentle descent. The French aeronaut, M. Gernerin, was the first parachuter who had a satisfactory descent, and soon the parachute was used by most of the prominent aeronauts of the day.

With the invention of the internal combustion engines, like those used in motor cars by Daimler in 1885, the steering of balloon was made possible, because the engines were powerful and yet light. In 1900, Count Zeppelin launched the first Airship—modified, steerable, balloon—named after him "The Zeppelin." When war broke out in 1914 many different types of airships were used by different nations. Those of recent years have made great improvements, the largest airship of 1929 being R-101 which on her maiden voyage caught fire and was burnt to ashes. "Hindenberg," carrying 70 passengers, after several successful trips across the Atlantic met with a terrible disaster on May 6th, 1937 at Lakehurst. In spite of this disaster, Germany decided to continue the airship service. But the use of hydrogen, which has been responsible for most airship accidents, is now banned, and the new LZ-131 under construction, is being modified for filling with helium. Helium gas means a certain loss in lifting capacity, but it is not inflammable.

Till now we were concerned with machines lighter than air; now let us deal with machines heavier than air.

One of the chief distinctions between man and the lower orders of creation is that he has succeeded in harnessing the forces of Nature into his service as tools and machinery. The lower creation fulfil most of their requirements by muscular effort; none of the lower animals make a single tool to assist them in the various means of sustaining life; but man puts on his thinking-cap and invents useful machines and tools to enable him to assist or dispense with muscular movements; thus man while flying dispenses with muscular movements by the aid of his cleverly invented machines.

Let us now see what makes an aeroplane fly? Suppose, some very windy day, you were to put on roller skates and grasp in your hands a huge sail which you hold up-and-down against the wind. What would happen? You know of course you would begin to move, driven by the wind. Further more, if you tipped the sail a bit, you would notice that not only did you continue to move forward, but that now too, you would feel the force of the air *wnder* the sail, trying to lift you off your feet in the skies. The only reason you do not fly is that the force of the wind is not great enough, and your sail is not large enough. But if they were—! Well, there you have the fundamental principle of the aeroplane, and why an aeroplane flies! It is an *air plane*, a plane or wing surface held against the air so that the rush of wind beneath, tends to lift it off the ground!

Because of its weight, and because not many days are windy enough to lift such a sailing wing, the aeroplane must manufacture its own wind. It does so by the spinning of its propeller, driven by its engine—a force like that of a huge fan, which not only creates the necessary “lift” but also gives the ship forward motion or speed.

The other parts of an aeroplane are simple mechanical devices to control and steady its flight. The throttle controls how much wind is manufactured by regulating the speed of the engine and propeller. The fin or the stationary part of the rudder, keeps the aeroplane steady as it moves *through* the air; and the stabilizer keeps it steady as it moves *up or down* in the air. The hinged rudder makes the aeroplane turn. The hinged elevator makes the plane climb or descend. And the ailerons, which are also hinged, make the plane bank to the right or left so that it will not skid round the corners while turning. Wheels for landing! Fuselage, or body, to support the parts! And there—complete—is an aeroplane.

Now we shall consider the thrilling dash of the aeroplane before it rises from the ground. Having brought the machine out on to the aerodrome by the pull of the propeller, the pilot gets it to a position where it faces the wind. He then opens the throttle of the engine so that the engine gives its full power, and the machine begins to move rapidly forward into the wind. As it begins to run, the pilot pushes forward the control column, commonly known as the joystick, thus pulls down the elevator flaps, which tends to lift the tail of the machine. The motion of the machine through the air, together with the stream of air blown back by the propeller—the slip stream, as it is called—gives the necessary lift, the tail-skid gets clear off the ground, thus removing the dragging or breaking effect of the tail-skid on the plane; consequently the machine begins to move rapidly forward. As speed increases, so the lift on the wing increases, and the weight pressing down on the under-carriage and its wheels, decreases. The pilot keeps his machine straight on the ground by the rudder, which is being acted on by the high speed of the air and the slip stream from the propeller.

When he has reached the speed he wants, the pilot pulls back the joystick, which causes the rear edge of the elevator flaps to be raised. This has the effect of depressing the tail, which means that the rear

edge of the wings is depressed, and the front edge is raised at the same time that the tail of the fuselage is depressed and the nose is raised. This action increases the angle at which the wings attack the air, and so the wings grip more air. The extra amount of air on which the wings now operate, owing to the increased angle, gives the extra lift necessary to enable the machine to leave the ground and begin its flight. If the machine is powerful it can continue flying with its nose upwards till he has reached the height he wants to fly at.

When he wants to turn to the left he will kick his left foot forward pushing forward the left-hand end of the rudder bar, which will pull the rudder over to the left. This will throw the tail of the machine to the right and so point the nose to the left and will cause a left-hand turn.

In the course of flying, a gust of wind hits the plane and causes it to heel over to the right; the pilot will instinctively move the joystick to the left to keep the machine vertical. Moving the joystick to the left pulls down the ailerons on the right wings, and an extra lift is given to the wings on that side. At the same time, as the ailerons on the opposite wings are coupled by wires, the opposite ailerons will be pulled upwards and will force the left wing downwards.

When the pilot wants to turn the plane sharply, his natural impulse is to lean over to the inside of the turn, as we do when going round a corner on a bicycle. This is the correct way of turning an aeroplane in the air, for it keeps the wings in a proper lifting position towards the air, just as the bicycle remains true to the surface when it goes round a corner on a properly banked tract instead of on a flat road. A skilful pilot after gliding to the earth will see that the two wheels and the tail-skid touch the ground at the same moment.

Coming to the early history of aeroplane, we have in the State of Ohio, America, two brothers

Orville and Wilbur Wright, who first succeeded in making motorless gliders launched into the air from the top of a mountain, and steered by the brothers themselves. Later, in the following year they succeeded flying in the first practical *heavier than air* machine. Because their aeroplane had two supporting planes, it was named by them as "*biplane*", hence the term is now used for any flying machine with two main supporting planes.

If the Wright brothers can lay claim to the title of "Father of Biplane", then it is certain that M. Bleriot, the gallant French airman can be styled the "Father of the Monoplane". He was also the first man to cross the English Channel by an aeroplane in July 1909. The honour of first crossing the Atlantic Ocean in an aeroplane must be given to an American, for, in May 1919, ten years after M. Bleriot made the first cross-channel flight, Lieutenant-Commander Read, of U. S. A. Navy, succeeded in crossing from Newfoundland to Lisbon. In autumn 1924, the Empire Airways were established. The first flight to India in an aeroplane was conducted on 20th November, 1924, by the Empire Airways; the plane reached Karachi on 10th December, 1924.

From 1910 to 1920 numerous experiments were made by different nations who produced different kinds of aeroplanes, which can be broadly classified into biplanes, monoplanes, seaplanes, the bigger ones known as flying boats. By the end of 1929 regular air services were established and also transcontinental services. The planes fly to the scheduled time as a train does.

The Royal Air Force (R. A. F.) produced at Farnborough in 1929, a machine of such intricate mechanism, that it flew by itself for an hour and over a distance of 400 miles, without human agency. The automatic control is known as "pilot assistor" or the "automatic pilot"—an ingenious apparatus incorporating gyroscopes which steer an aeroplane automatically on a steady course at a given height and direction.

This kind of control has proved specially valuable for blind flying and for long distance flights. This is now an essential instrument in modern air liners. The latest development made in flying machines is the invention of the autogyro, which rises, straight into the air, by means of motor propelled, rotating, supporting main planes.

In the year 1936, an English scientist was able to control a plane in air fitted with a special short-wave tuned radio receiver while he had a radio transmitter, which sent impulses, through a fixed frequency, which were received by the receiving set in the plane and which in turn controlled the necessary levers. Now in Europe radio-controlled planes have become popular. In America, model radio-controlled planes are built by amateurs. To-day aeroplane plays an important part in the world.

M. R. PANDURANGAM NAIDU,

Junior B. Sc.

Students and the Masses

SERVICE to humanity is one of the noblest of ideals. Human existence is not for individual glory and benefit but for mutual assistance and co-operation. The progress of a nation depends upon the collaboration of races and the co-operation of cultures. Had every student of India borne this in mind, he would have come out with tastes more elegant, ideals more noble, and achievements more lofty.

While the nations of the world are progressing at a break-neck speed, to remain unsurpassed, the masses in our country are fast degenerating. Some observe that this unfortunate condition is due to our own selfishness, while others argue that it is the result of the imperialistic aggression of a foreign nation. Indeed our own selfishness, absolute isolation from, and indifference to the masses, coupled with the chronic want of food and water, the lack of sanitation and medical help, the neglect of means of communication, the poverty of educational provision, and the all-pervading spirit of depression that we have seen prevailing in our villages after over hundred years of British rule, have really contributed to the misery and misfortune of the masses. We who are so ready to point out to the world by bringing to light the defects and drawbacks, which stand concealed in the darkness of official pigeon-holes, and in the confidential reports of a foreign government, are also the last to remedy them. In spite of the almost universal degeneracy in our country, let us all have a passionate faith in the illimitable possibilities of human progress.

It is but a part of truth to say that our peasants are able to get only seven pies a day per head and that they are daily underfeeding themselves and be-

coming victims to the ravages of many epidemics and fevers. Though it is not generally realised, their poverty in education, thought and leadership, is even more disastrous and deplorable. If our peasants are as poor as they are and if neither the Government nor the politicians have paid any attention to their needs or woes, it is all because of their unmitigated and limitless poverty of thought and lack of competent leadership.

Though the slogan of "Back to the Village" has been raised already, no earnest attempt to take the villagers out of the abysmal depths of ignorance and poverty has yet been made. If education has any national significance and no one will deny that it has, it must in our country relate itself to villages, for nearly ninety per cent. of our population is in villages. As students, our first duty is to investigate the conditions prevailing in villages and carry on an intensive survey into everything that affects the life of the villager. After completing this, we may choose out of it, subjects which interest us most, prepare a questionnaire, if possible with the help of someone who is well-versed in them, and after we obtain this information, see what we can do to improve matters, always remembering that in everything we do, we must carry the villager with us, and obtain his co-operation. For our aim must be to set things going and help the villager to maintain the improvement himself, independent of outside help. Improvements suggested must therefore be well within the capacity and means of the villager. With the co-operation of the villager much can be done. Briefly, the lines along which such work may be attempted are as follows.

The sanitation and hygiene of the villager is a matter of primary importance. It is evident that unless the streets, lanes and open spaces of the village are kept clean, and the water supply is pure, the villager will suffer from the constant attacks of epidemics and diseases which sap his already too low vitality. It is necessary, therefore, to free the village lanes and open places from accumulated rubbish, introduce improved and economic methods for the

disposal of human excreta, clean village wells and tanks, teach villagers sanitary habits in regard to spitting, ventilation and clothes, and give them a knowledge of simple remedies and preventive measures in regard to common ailments. The whole question of the food ordinarily taken by villagers should be studied, and a balanced diet which will provide them with the necessary body-building and disease-resisting qualities, should be evolved, which will at the same time, be well within their means.

At present, the social life and level of culture in the village remain where they were, several centuries ago. As students, we can do much to bring new life and happiness into the monotony of the village. We can contribute not a little towards the growth of the intellectual stores and resources of leadership available for our peasantry. Adult schools can be organised at week-ends and political education can be imparted to the villagers. We can organise their conferences and associations. Local talent may find expression in short dramas put on boards. Games and sports may find their place. In reading rooms, papers or books can be read out to the people on matters which affect their daily life as well as news in regard to the outside world. We can help them to voice their grievances. Community singing may be taught. In short, we can act as their intellectual guides, and let every student realise that he can be a drop and a driblet in the growing stream of intellect and leadership of our peasants.

Above all, efforts should be made to increase the productive capacity of the villager, whether in the sphere of agriculture or industries. As agriculture is closely connected with the policy of the government, much cannot be done by students excepting that better methods are shown to them. What strikes one most who visits the village is the amount of idleness that prevails there. The economic loss to the country of so much idle man-power is incalculable, and the psychological effect of unemployment, despair, pessi-

mism, irresponsibility and moral degradation——is if anything, even worse. The skill in industries that formerly existed in the villages is fast disappearing, for, with the import of ready-made goods from outside, skilled artisans migrate into towns and cities. The village can never prosper so long as foreign goods find free entrance into it. The villagers should be encouraged to produce in their own village most of the things they need. Industries like spinning and weaving, oil-pressing, shoe-making, carpentry, paper-making and toy-making which require little capital, organisation or equipment, should be encouraged. Why send our raw-cotton to Lancashire or Japan and have it made into cloth and sent back to the villages, when the villagers themselves have sufficient time and skill to make it? The tragedy of the situation is that under this system the villager is doubly impoverished. He has to pay out for the finished product and he has been deprived of employment. There is no reason why India to-day should be reduced to a purely agricultural country; and what is worse, the increasingly impoverished condition of the masses shows that if this process of depriving the villager of industrial occupation goes on unabated, it must bring about the complete extinction of the masses. Already they are on the verge of starvation and unless this process is arrested and the villagers given subsidiary occupation, besides agriculture, there can be no hope whatsoever for them.

The educated have done practically nothing for the masses. If only the educated have some knowledge of the miserable lives of the villagers who form the bulk of the population and whose condition is becoming more and more desperate from day to day and they realise their heavy responsibility, they will not rest till they have contributed their mite to improve the lot of the villager.

Young men who can gird up their loins and brave all the incidental hardships and disagreeable and dreary days and nights in villages, ought to hasten to the countryside. But even they must first equip

themselves intellectually as well as they can. Mere university degrees are not enough. Indeed our graduates have to unlearn a lot before they can make themselves useful to our peasantry. They have to shed their snobbery and college-bred arrogance. On the other hand, they should acquire a real and genuine love for research, knowledge and culture. They have to gain some experience in public speaking, journalism and diligent fact-finding. They have to be at one and the same time scholars and students. They have to be not only walking libraries, but also peripatetic research departments of our country-side. To fit oneself in such a manner and to pitch oneself against the blizzards of ignorance, age-long intellectual stupor and almost impregnable conservatism of our peasantry, may not be an alluring prospect to most of our youth. Yet only that way lies the shortest road to the surest means of our national and social welfare.

The opportunites for village reconstruction are many, and they challenge our best thought and effort. The faith and enthusiasm of youth are required, here if anywhere. So far, the educated have done practically nothing for the masses. It is for us students, now to band ourselves together, think out village problems afresh, hasten to the rescue of our peasantry, make them progressive-minded, organise them for self-protection and create amongst them a burning, blazing desire for light and freedom. Village uplift means in our country national uplift, and who would not want a share in so great a task?

M. ANAND MOHAN,
Senior Intermediate.



Sitting (left to right)

Ghulam Ahmad

Mr. Hakeemullah Huseini

Ali Mohamed

Mr. Qadir Husain Khan

The Mystery and History of Zero.

THE history of zero is shrouded in mystery. The fabric of arithmetic was built after the invention of this seemingly insignificant digit, zero. The scientific system of decimals saw the light of day only after this symbol was ushered in the mathematical world.

In our rough and tumble of life, we do not have time to leap into the past and gather information which is not only interesting but also enlightening. How few of us have thought that the symbol zero played a dominant part in the development of arithmetic. Moreover, the tendency of present-day students is to consecrate their time and energy to scientific research and in their thirst for new knowledge, they look to the future and ignore the past.

The commentators and research scholars of mathematics are unanimous in their opinion that Hindu India was the home of advanced mathematics and that one of her sons invented the important symbol, zero. From the dawn of history, different nations adopted their own singular methods of naming their numbers; separate symbols were in vogue to represent the numerals. The contact of the East with the West was so close that the traders, travellers, and scholars who visited India, returned home with oriental lore. Thus Indian culture came to be diffused and this diffusion was instrumental in spreading the use of zero.

The invention of zero is neither a brilliant adventure nor a noble deed. But after groping in the dark for centuries, the inventor, whose name is still a matter of speculation, hit upon the pleasant idea of a

symbol called zero which is to be of such far-reaching importance.

The early works of the Hindus on arithmetic give a special treatment to the concept, zero. Brahmagupta who lived in Ujjain, the seat of ancient Indian astronomy, gives in his arithmetic a distinct treatment of the properties of zero, while Bhaskara treats the same subject scientifically. Some writers have placed the origin of "sunya" as a symbol, before 500 A. D. Since Aryabhatta gives us the method of extracting roots, it is a natural corollary that he must have known the decimal system. His frequent references to the "void" strengthens this statement. If he is referring to a symbol, the origin of zero may be traced back to the fifth century of the Christian era. His later contemporary, Varaha Mihira frequently refers to and uses "sunya" while speaking of numerals and so it is opined that he was referring to a definite symbol. Besides, the following fact should not be lost sight of. The mathematicians may have known zero in Aryabhatta's time, while the common people might not have valued its significance for a long time. We may therefore arrive at the conclusion that the Indian "sunya" was the origin, which culminated in the zero of to-day.

In India zero was first represented by a dot. Later the term "sunya-bindu" was used to represent zero, the dot being given up. Thus we infer that the earliest symbol of zero was only a dot and not a small circle; the Baksali manuscript bears testimony to this statement.

How the Indian "sunya" became the zero of to-day is an interesting study in the history of culture. The Arab contact with India has enabled the numerals to work their way into foreign countries. They first translated the "sunya" into "sifr" which meant empty in Arabic. Gradually the Arabic civilisation spread into Italy where the "sifr" was latinised into "zephirum". When the Arabic system made its way into Germany, the Arabic "sifr" was slightly altered to

"cifra". Thus in Europe, about the thirteenth century, the word "cifra" came to denote zero. In English, the German "cifra" took the form of "cipher" and this word exists to-day to indicate zero. Ultimately the various forms, "sifr", "cifra, cipher", and "zephyrum" of the same word, "sunya" culminated in the zero of the present day.

With the advent of zero into mathematics, the indigenous systems that were in vogue in other countries gave way to the Indian system with its zero and place-value system. This sudden innovation goes a great way to prove that the zero and place-value systems originated in India. The invention of zero is a land-mark in the history of mathematics for it rendered the writing of numbers easy. Consequently the whole civilised world has adopted the decimal or the place-value system. "The importance of the creation of zero mark," says Professor Halstead, "can never be exaggerated. This giving to airy nothing, not merely a local habitation and a name, a picture, a symbol, but helpful power, is the characteristic of the Hindu race whence it sprang".

That the invention of zero escaped the genius of Archimedes and Apollonius, two of the greatest men of antiquity, bespeaks of the grandeur of this laudable achievement of India, is the commendation of a French astronomer. In short, the monument of arithmetic may be said to have been erected on this noble achievement of India. The civilised world is greatly indebted to India for this achievement, but it is the fate of India that the name of her son who invented this symbol of paramount importance should still remain a matter of pure conjecture.

S. RAMACHANDER RAO,

Junior B. A.

She Found Him

"GOODBYE motherkins : keep smiling. I'll be back before you know I have gone." Young David Mackay kissed his mother, his only kith and kin, and with as cheery a smile as he could muster walked out of his garden to the distant strain of "Wish me luck when you waive me Goodbye". "Heaven keep you my son and whatever happens, may He never make you a prisoner of war. I've lost one, that way, He knows." "Oh cheer up mother. Remember, the gypsy said you'd find me on a glorious field." The mother flinched at the words, but smiled. He was all she had, but she would give him to the land they loved.

On a lovely morning these lads, who had been the life and soul of many a party, marched out to their fate. They sang as they swung along, bright faces, bright eyed :—

"Marching for the dear old country
Marching away to war,
We leave our loves behind us
And go to fight the foe"

came the sound behind the fast retreating figures.

Mrs. Mackay remembered this scene again as a month later the lame postman handed her a card from the War Office. "I'm sorry mum!" was all he said, but he wished it had been he instead of David Mackay. The mother could not believe it. She stood and gazed blankly at the garden gate. "Keep smiling, Goodbye motherkins." She heard her boy's voice.

* * * *

The war was over. Many mothers had suffered as Mrs. Mackay. David's mother had longed to be in the land where her boy fought and where he had shed his lifeblood for the "cause". One day she read

"Wanted elderly lady for children of English family retired in Belgium." I'll go, thought Mrs. Mackay and applied for the position. She got it.

It was a beautiful house. It had suffered from the war, but the major portion had survived the strain and the clinging ivy creepers kindly spread themselves over the scars on the walls. Not a great distance away, lay beautiful fields, veritable gardens. The Flanders poppy, red as the blood that had fertilised the earth, seemed a beacon to this lonely mother.

The house was quiet, the children were with a younger nurse maid. She slipped out of the house and something irresistible seemed to draw her to the fields. She walked along. Here and there she found clusters of green mounds. Perhaps many of the lads she knew lay there. She walked on and came to a spot prettier than any she had seen. She tried to collect her thoughts. She was strangely agitated, and yet, she felt a queer feeling of anticipation. She hardly saw where she went. She stumbled. Something had hit against her shins. She looked down. It was a wooden cross. She read the fading letters—"To my comrade David Mackay (Ginger). He lived bravely and died bravely." The mother gazed at it long and lovingly. Was this her Davie? "Remember the gypsy said....." Yes this was the field of glory and her son had given his mite to victory.

She knelt by the grave and laid her cheek against the rough piece of wood. It had been warmed by the sun, which smiled on the picture. "Davie", she said, "Davie lad, I've found you." The sun touched the little scene with his setting glory and giving the two a farewell kiss disappeared.

They found her next morning, her arms twined round the cross as round the neck of her loved one. Her face was wreathed in a smile, sweet and contented.

Mrs. Mackay had found her son.

MISS M. SUNTOOK,

Hona. IV.

The Diplomatic Door

MANY readers of the daily newspaper have probably at some time or other felt curious about a certain mysterious door (utterly unlike the others we know) which frequently makes its appearance in the news columns—a thing of which they hear so much but know so little. For the newspaper itself hardly affords any enlightenment on this point, and the facts that can be gleaned from it are few. We gather that it appears only when there is a conflict of views or clash of interests, eager to be of service, and anxious like “Our Special Correspondent” to keep the public fully informed of the latest developments. One has thereafter only to watch the behaviour of the door as described in the papers to get an idea of how matters stand. If it is stated that the door is open, the readers breathe a sigh of relief, for they know that the chances of a settlement are bright. If the door is shut or what is worse, bolted, the prospects are seen to be discouraging. If, however, the door is described as having been shut, barred, and bolted, the clear indication is that the chances of compromise are nil.

The ordinary reader is sure to be perplexed by this strange phenomenon which defies both the attributes and the limitations of all ordinary doors. It lacks a local habitation and a name, it is ever variable and shifting, appearing now in one country or continent and now in another, and it is visible only to the trained eye of a few. At first sight, it seems to be an impalpable invention of science, a kind of high-precision scientific instrument which records accurately the slightest variations in the diplomatic atmosphere. But this is impossible to verify since the door eludes all attempts at investigation.

Now, are these the only difficulties? Oftentimes opinions about the exact condition of the door differ

widely. While someone declares in a press interview that the door is shut, another at the same time holds that the door is still open, while yet another firmly asserts that the door has not only been shut, but also barred and bolted. The reasons for such conflicting views are not apparent. Where experts differ, the layman is bewildered. Perhaps the observers have not attained the requisite degree of proficiency in the art or the door with an impish love of mischief changes its appearance, chameleon-like, and delights to delude them.

The path of the peacemaker has at all times been a difficult one and is obviously beset with many difficulties. He has to explore the Avenue of Negotiations, grapple with the Giant Despair, steer clear of the Dark Valley of Distrust, before he can reach the Door of Settlement. The last named is to be seen at its post of duty at all times of disputes and differences, doing its allotted work unostentatiously, quietly (except for the banging) and efficiently.

"What kind of door is this", asks the puzzled reader of the newspaper, "which is made neither of wood nor metal nor any known substance whatever, which has neither lintel nor threshold, which can be shut without hinges and barred without bolts, and which may even be banged but produces no audible noise?" "Why, it seems made of airy nothingness though it may exist somewhere in space and time. What unseen agencies so readily open, shut or bolt it and what magic formulae direct and control its working? What door exactly is this which the hand of man hath not made, and the mind of man hath not comprehended and which no man has been known to pass through, the door which is not properly a door at all and yet is called by that name?" He may ask and ask but it is unlikely that he will know. Its secrets are well and faithfully guarded, and it will continue as always to baffle his understanding. But one thing he knows: the diplomatic door is a very serviceable invention and it seems assured of a great future.

R. SUNDARA RAJAN

The Sacrifice

(THE scene is laid towards the end of the 6th century B. C., about 520 years before the dawn of the Christian Era in the palace of the Sakya monarch in Kapilavastu.)

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The sun was about to set—the sky presented a celestial scene, with the radiant flush of the departing sun, whose lingering rays still lent a golden hue to the stately palaces with their magnificent domes. All this, enchanting and beautiful, seemed to bode something unique and great. The glow and charm of sunset was fast fading into dusk.

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The day had witnessed many a group indulging in joyful festivities in the city. It was a glorious day for the people of Kapilavastu, as the Prince had visited the city and had received a welcome befitting his royal rank.

Dusk was speedily passing into darkness. A stray solitary star had already heralded the approach of night. The air was still and calm. After a day of bustle and excitement, the city had, as if mysteriously, settled down to silence. Here and there a few peasants alone, tired after the day's toil, could be seen hurriedly directing their steps towards their homes.

At such an hour, — an hour destined to be inscribed in letters of gold in the history of the human race —, a solitary figure was seen listlessly pacing the great marble-columned hall of the royal palace. His face revealed mental agony and pain. None could read the thoughts raging in his mind, nay the

expression of his face clearly revealed that even he himself could not surmise the exact nature of his deep contemplation. After a long while, he unconsciously seated himself on the stairs of the columned court at the open end of the hall He was none other than the prince, Gautamā Siddhartha, heir to the throne of Kapilavastu.

. . . . For a moment his thoughts seemed to be distracted. What was it that thus disturbed them ?

—— It was the sound of familiar footsteps at the farther end of the hall. Who could that be ? —— Well, she was, as Gautama had rightly conjectured, his beloved consort — Gopa.

The whole evening she had been impatiently awaiting the arrival of her lord. She knew nothing about his silent arrival though her searching eyes had been ceaselessly darting longing glances at the familiar apartments of the palace. After impatiently waiting for a long while, she had come out in his search, and having espied him, hurriedly came down. But her mind was all the more troubled when she saw her lord, thus dejected and depressed, his anxious looks cast down in deep reverie. At this sight, her face, enchanting in beauty, and fascinating in charm, turned lurid and pale. Her eyes seemingly restless, were full of expression and pathos.

Impatiently and with a heavy heart she accosted him, "Nath ! Nath ! — what — this — to-day — why this change — you seem — you seem to be sad and dejected — your dress — your visage You — you appear — appear troubled. Won't you tell me — won't you — do — do let me know — Nath ! ! ——."

Gautama had cast off his princely robes. He appeared extremely perplexed and troubled in mind, his hair scattered and dishevelled, his drooping eyes displaying deep meditation. It was a surprise to his loving consort. Such an abrupt change came like a terrible shock to her innocent soul. All, all appeared

to be a frightful mystery, which her confused mind could hardly solve.

The entry of his consort had roused Gautama from his deep reverie. He calmly turned his drooping eyes towards his beloved consort. It was touching! They reflected nothing but sorrow and pity. A tear seemed to roll down his cheek, as if it were a parting tear, 'a farewell in the noble accents of the eye.' He then began in a choked voice and a touching tone, yet with pride and determination.....

"Yes — Gopa — yes. You cannot understand — you cannot — follow I saw — I can picture — what all I saw — I can even see now — all quite — clearly "—— But what!" — exclaimed the impatient and troubled princess." . . . "All — All that had to be seen — to be seen here — here in this world. I had never seen nor heard — anything — like it — ever before. My body trembles and soul shivers within, as I — as I recollect those horrible sights. — My mind is troubled — everywhere — misery — sorrow — affliction — and — death. — We were in darkness. Yes — all was darkness. But to-day, I saw everything. I realise, as I had never done before. Oh! the world is full of torture and trouble, misery and woe". His low hoarse voice was marked more by sorrow and sympathy than with wonder or surprise.

Gautama had seen enough sorrow and grief within his realm and his visit to the city was, indeed, an eye-opener to worldly anguish and pain. He had returned home with a heavy heart. He sincerely felt that something ought to be done for the relief of human suffering. He had resolved to do all in his power for the emancipation of woe-stricken humanity. He aimed at the liberation of people at large. He intended to teach the people the truth and lead them on to the goal of life. He had resolved to attain 'Nirvana' and none could divert him from his path. Neither his dear consort nor his darling son could induce him

to live amid palatial luxury and princely pomp, while humanity — suffered beyond conception, with no guide — true — to lead them on to the right goal — a goal which even the great sages could not descry.

Siddhartha had resolved to find out for himself and to guide others into the right path. He decided to begin his salvation or Nirvana that very day and to relieve suffering humanity from the turmoil of this world “I can no longer bear to see”, continued Gautama to his consort, “others, endure misery and pain, while we indulge in pleasure and mirth. Alas! the world is but a shadow and life a dream, but we mortal men fail to realise that it is the eternal bliss and perpetual peace, which we have to attain in the onward march of life. The common folk as well, need a guide to lead them on to their ultimate goal — Nirvana! It is our duty to try for the salvation of humanity. I have resolved to do my best — Yes Gopa — I have resolved ”

.The princess could understand but little. Her mind was confused and her heart heavy.

Gopa had retired to bed and midnight found her fast asleep, her bed wet with her tears. Gautama, who had been patiently waiting for a chance, left his consort and waking up his faithful servant “Chenna” ordered him to get ready his chariot. He cast a parting glance at his loving wife and his innocent child, who were sound asleep, little dreaming, what the morrow would bring.

A while after, Siddhartha was far away from town; he alighted in the forest and donning the monk’s attire ordered his servant to return home with his royal robes, and intelligence of his resolve.

The *sacrifice* had been made.

The soothing rays of the rising sun saw the radiant light of newly infused truth, shine forth in all its brilliance, and light the dark and dreary paths of life.

Humanity had obtained its true guide, who directed the suffering human race, with a kind heart and a sincere voice, to the road of Nirvana. Buddha thus obtained, the light divine, which revealed the eternal truth unto the world at large.

J. RAMESHWAR RAO,
Senior Intermediate.

Conversation

SHAKESPEARE has said "The apparel oft proclaimeth the man". We could with equal truth say "The speech oft proclaimeth the man". There are many who when they open their mouth also unlock the sealed book of their character and with every sentence they utter, they turn the pages of this important book. But there are few who can detect with accuracy all the characteristics of a man, merely from his talks. Hence we rest content with having only occasional peeps into his character. Perhaps it is better so.

Nevertheless the incidental glimpses we have into a man's character are occasioned by hearing scraps of his conversation that do not give us a warped idea of him. There is one incident that I recollect and which I shall always remember. It illustrates the treachery of our tongue and the betrayal of our true selves by our conversation. I was in a concert hall waiting for the variety entertainment to start, and idly watching the people pouring in. Suddenly a beautiful salon drew up majestically in the portico, and a couple of very languid young ladies, whose faces were a study in expression, got out. They sauntered up to the ticket collector, in a haughty and nonchalant way, as if they had never walked before and tried to convey the idea that the admirable exercise was beneath them—too great a strain on their languid hearts. The ticket collector who was a susceptible person and was as much dazzled by the occupants as by the shining salon, said in a quaver of suppressed admiration "This way, madam, this way," as if he were conducting queens to their thrones. The stiff young ladies who looked as if they had swallowed swords and could not move without great danger to their insides, drawled out "What's the big idea of that chap being here?"

The ticket collector was taken aback by this graceless return to his kindness. I turned round and my amused gaze met the scoffing of some other spectators. Alas ! all the starch, all the affection seemed to have vanished after that cheap imitation of the American drawl. So much for conversation as a character indicator.

There are various kinds of conversation as there are various kinds of people. One kind of conversation is a fencing match of wit and epigram, which leaves the listener as cold and dumb as an Egyptian mummy. The other kind is one that lumbers along with a great deal of hesitation and leaves the audience awaiting its close impatiently. Very often, men who consider themselves to be witty, torture the company with their conversation because they are constantly occupied in trying to drag wit into everything they say, in order to maintain their superior status, with the result that they cut such absurd figures before their companions, without providing an atom of amusement.

I have observed some persons who are extremely fond of narrating long stories of incidents in their own lives—their heroic deeds, their illness or the blunders and follies committed by them, without realising how uninteresting and dull their conversation is to the audience. There are others who equip themselves with a limited stock of jokes and stories and are eagerly seeking an opportunity to relate them. This type of conversation cannot altogether be condemned especially when there is an ominous lull in the company. Besides, it necessitates a ready memory and a constant renewal of his stock on the part of the speaker.

Very often when a company has met, by some curious coincidence two persons discover that they were bred together at the same school or college, after which the rest are doomed to a long silence, while these two refresh their memories by relating episodes which had taken place long ago, when they were together, without any consideration for the other

campanions who are being thoroughly bored. It is a habit with some folk to run down or to disclose the shortcomings of a person before the other members of the company and expect him to take it calmly on the pretext that the speaker was merely jesting.

However, there are many people who are naturally endowed with the ability of agreeable conversation. Of course it is flattering to oneself to be as amusing as Lamb or as hearty as Johnson in one's conversation. It is certainly a trifle inadvisable to be as fluent as Lord Macaulay, for he conversed as though he were addressing a public meeting, which goes to prove that fluent talkers are not always the best conversationalists.

The best conversation is that which is just suited to the company, opportune and appropriate, for as Gardiner has it "The foundation of good talk is good sense, good nature and the gift of fellowship".

MISS MEHEROO DALAL,
Senior Intermediate.

The Necklace

○N the banks of the river Ganges, there once stood a small village. Green fields and verdure all around unmistakably pointed to the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. The villagers, both young and old, flocked to the bank at daybreak. In close proximity was an old temple of Shiva and adjacent to it was a building in a dilapidated condition. A poor old Sadhu, his wife and their son Ashok, were the only inmates. Ashok was a handsome boy of ten, tall and slim, with a fair complexion and charming eyes.

In the same village, there lived a peasant, known to the villagers as Chowdhry Vishnu. He lived all alone with his little daughter Shanta, the daily remembrance of his deceased wife. She was eight years old. Vishnu had a great love for her, and it was for this reason that he never thought of having another wife. While going to the field he would leave Shanta with Ashok, and in the evening take her back with him.

Ashok was hardly twelve when he lost his eyesight as a result of sore eyes. "It is the will of God," so the parents would say to console themselves. Shanta too painfully realised the helplessness of her comrade. She would take him by the hand and conduct him to the pond where they used to play together.

It is true, misfortune never comes single. The very year, cholera broke out in the village. The villagers left no stone unturned to fight the epidemic. Alms were given, Ganga was worshipped, idols and temples were adorned with flowers and jewels, but all these were of no avail. The ravages of the epidemic

grew from day to day and every effort to combat it proved futile. The Sadhu and his wife died on one and the same day, leaving behind poor Ashok all alone. It was Vishnu's desire that Ashok should live with him, but he replied, "Chowdry, leave me to my fate. I must also die here".

Flowers blossomed and withered away. Years rolled by one after the other. Ashok was now a handsome young man. Shanta alone was the centre of his life. She had grown into a beautiful young girl, unrivalled in her charms and beauty. The whole village loved her, but the villagers did not like that a grown-up girl should remain unmarried.

Shanta used to perform every work of Ashok, herself. She swept the house, washed his clothes, prepared food for him, lit the lamp, and visited him three or four times a day.

Vishnu had by now grown old. Some peasants were always to be found with him. Once an old villager said — "Chowdhry! Shanta has grown up now, and it is high time she is married."

"Birju, do you think I don't see that. You remember her mother's last words? I have left everything to the will of God," the Chowdhry added calmly.

Ashok felt cheerful so long as Shanta was with him and without her, time hung heavily on him. When alone, he used to picture the figure of Shanta in his imagination. Once he was deeply absorbed in meditation when Shanta came.

"You've come Shanta?" said Ashok.

"Yes I have. Have you anything to say?" She asked.

"No, no. There's nothing. I've nothing to say," said Ashok dryly.

"Are you angry with me Ashok? I'm sorry, I couldn't come earlier; I had a lot of work to do at home."

"Shanta! Why do you bother yourself about me? In future please don't take the trouble of bringing my food yourself. You can as well send it to me."

"Send it to you? Why? Surely there's something amiss. Tell me what have you got in your mind. Ashok?"

"Nothing, nothing. I am hard hit Shanta. Can I ask you for a favour?" he murmured.

"Of course, by all means."

"Ashok smiled. Shanta too smiled and taking his hands in hers she gently asked.

"What is it you want Ashok?"

"Shanta! why do you come to me? I wish I could see your face, he said hesitatingly. She looked at him, and playing with her finger — she answered.

"I don't know that myself. I too wish you could see me," she said pressing his hands.

"Can I go now Ashok." She asked after some-time.

"Yes. By-the-bye Shanta, have you got that necklace of red beads.....the same which you always wear round your neck?"

"Yes, I have it with me. Why?"

"Will you give it to me Shanta?"

"Certainly. But what purpose will it serve?"

"It shall be my comrade, my companion in solitude," said Ashok, sighing.

"My necklace!" She blushed and gave it to him.

Shanta was the pivot upon which Ashok's world revolved. She was the centre of all his hopes and desires. When alone he would count the beads of the necklace, uttering "Shanta" at every bead. The world was dark to him as he could see nothing of its beauty, but his heart was lit with the sparks of love within. He would put the necklace round his neck and lie down on the bed arranged by Shanta. He would

sleep picturing her in his imagination and awake muttering her name. The same was the case with Shanta. They were devoted to each other—Shanta for Ashok and Ashok for Shanta!

Once when Ashok was in deep meditation, Shanta entered stealthily and sat beside him. Unaware of her presence, he began murmuring—

“Why have You, the Almighty, deprived me of my eyes? I am pining to see the rose, the sweet scent of which is a joy to my soul..... But she is the daughter of the Chowdhry, she owns a house, belongs to a respectable family,enjoys honour and possesses everything. And I? a blind disabled creature, an eye-sore to all and a burden to life itself. O God! I am fed up with life!” His head dropped on his chest. A stream of tears was flowing from his eyes.

“Ashok!” said Shanta with tears rolling down her cheeks. He was startled.

“When did you come Shanta?” He enquired calmly.

“I have been here for a long time. Ashok! Why all this agony? Shanta is the Chowdhry’s daughter—certainly she is. She has everything—undoubtedly she has. What difference does it make? No power on the face of the earth can separate Shanta from her Ashok. She lives to die for him and him alone.” She fell at his feet.

One more year elapsed. The monsoon broke out. Heavy torrents poured night and day, flooding the streets and fields. One day rumour spread that the Ganges had overflowed her banks, and the flood was making its way towards the village. People rushed to see the dreadful scene at the river; Shanta also went with them. She ran back to Ashok to inform him of the approaching danger. She beseeched him to leave the place, but Ashok, thinking that he was beyond the reach of the flood, refused to do so.



SYED FARKHUNDA ALI KHAN
COLLEGE CAPTAIN

The Teacher and the Taught

THE object of education is variously understood and interpreted. Confining the implication to a college or University college, let us consider what sort of contact between the teacher and the taught will develop a healthy relationship between the two.

A student must enter or rather generally enters, a college with the express purpose of getting education, obtaining a qualification, and fitting himself for a career suitable to his qualification. The college career is the preparatory period for the achievement of these aims. There, he comes into varied contact with his professors and tutors.

In a residential university, the tutor is part and parcel of the daily life of the student. A young tutor not only teaches his students and lectures to them in the class-room but he plays games with them, entertains them and lives on a par with the students. Although educationists consider such a contact to have a healthy psychological influence on the youth, yet it has its own drawbacks. The student, especially a modern student, may resent an excessive encroachment on his independence. In addition to this, if the tutor happens to be a fanatic or a philosopher—as so many generally are—engrossed in his own thoughts, or paying scrupulous attention to the behaviour of the student, the place becomes almost an inferno for the fretful buxom youth who covets a merry time outside the college, and may make his spirit revolt against such vigilance. On the other hand, if the tutor is to subject his will to the whims of the boys, in order to win a good reputation, he might become intellectually barren. His weaknesses might reveal themselves, which then will be held up to ridicule by the lovers of mischievous sport. At

times his vices—man, after all, being imperfect—may easily take root in the character of his pupils. It is very difficult to combine these two extremes and evolve a happy mean out of the combination. He would be a great educationist indeed, who effects a reconciliation between the two within proper bounds.

In a non-residential university, the case is quite the contrary. The pupil sees his teachers only when they lecture to him. Beyond that, the student and the professor are strangers. Professors are found who cannot recognize most of their students even by their face. The day of the non-residential student begins at 10 a. m. and ends at 4 p. m. or at the latest at 6 p. m. He may be living miles away from the university and may have his own circle of friends, yet he longs and ardently longs for unrestrained contact with his professors. The teacher for his part considers his work to end with the close down of the college for the day. It is here that a very unwholesome state of affairs prevails. The lecturer must think it his duty to have free intellectual intercourse with his students *after* the college hours, and achieve that fertile contact between mind and mind which is the justification of universities. It is a significant fact that once a student is outside the college, the purity and serenity of that intellectual atmosphere associated with a college, is entirely lost. Hence in a non-residential university, a closer and unprejudiced contact between the tutor and the taught is essential. Unfortunately in most of our universities this feature is conspicuous by its absence.

Now-a-days, it is argued that a university must not only impart knowledge to the youth, but must also make him a useful citizen. Considering the general aspect of this view, it will be seen that the art of citizenship must be cultivated with scrupulous care. As things stand in our country, very often the employer seeks information about the student from the college where he was educated; because the knowledge which an appointment officer can gain unaided, although of first rate importance, is seldom enough

by itself. Even the degree is only a label which certifies that the candidate possesses information of a certain kind of a certain quantity, and has mind of a certain quality. The college authorities must be able to furnish confidential reports from various members of the staff who are in daily contact with the students; and these must give information both about the academic and the non-academic attainments of the students. In a residential university, the college authorities may be able to furnish both these; but in a non-residential university, the responsibility falls to a great extent on the teaching staff. For this reason the student body and the staff must not and cannot live completely separate lives outside the teaching hours.

Although the most fertile and creative contacts will always be the contacts between student and student—the discussions which continue regardless of time and place bear ample testimony to this—yet, the staff are a possible mine of information not only for their own pupils, but also for students other than their own. Educational experts have successfully tried several experiments of formal and informal mixing of staff and students at lunches and dinners, academical and general discussions, musical and picnic parties, social work and rural uplift, excursions, etc. The modern student is thirsty for information of several kinds and since the class lectures are too specialised, courses of a general kind are welcome and therefore well attended. Thus cultural background and moral food can be given to those who have less initial opportunity of acquiring them. But these gifts must be spontaneous and their acceptance an act of free will, unrestrained and disinterested.

P. PRABHAKAR RAO

Arabesque

IN your old room dim with dust and years,
You played the subtle pattern of an arabesque,
Ploughing a furrow through grey wastes of time,
Wearing a spell of ageless rest.

The fret of caged dreams and tangled years
Faded into a deep dark hush;
Only the moment lived — and you
In the shadows of the dusk.

Then, I knew the secret of the silent river,
The wind grown still against your window-pane,
And I heard the grey-spun-mist of afternoon
Creep silently through crocus-jets of flame.

MISS M. N. CHENOY

Photography

PHOTOGRAPHY is a subject known world-wide. At the present day the art of photography has been made much simpler and more easy and produces marvellous results. We can take a photograph with an uncorrected lens, a soft lens or with no lens at all, by making the exposure through a fine needle-hole in a metal plate and the result will be a picture showing all the characteristics of photography, namely, infinitely delicate gradations of tone. This is where photography excels, and this is the quality that has given it a place among the fine arts.

Nothing is more familiar to the camera addicts than the speed with which hours slide when they are busy on any of the steps in photography. Once your blood is inhabited by the photographic germ, you will find yourself in the grip of a remorseless but delightful pre-occupation. You go camera crazy and you are glad of it. Once you are stung by this interest, there is no turning back, for, the pleasures are infinite; any one who watches the gradual forming of a picture on a white sheet of paper will feel enthralled.

Photography is a combination of the sciences of Optics and Chemistry. It is a process by which pictures are produced by the action of light on surfaces treated with chemicals sensitive to light.

This art was not discovered or invented by one man but is the result of investigations on the part of many scientists and chemists. Some of the basic factors were known more or less accidentally, a notable example of this being the pin-hole camera. This discovery was made when someone happened to go

into a room darkened by shutters placed over windows. In one of these there was a hole and the rays of light passing through this formed a picture of the outside scene.

The image formed by a pin-hole is not critically sharp. At the present time, however, lenses designed to give soft definition are used.

Giambattista Della Porta is the reputed inventor, in 1569 of the "Camera Obscura". The invention was the logical outcome of the discovery of the possibility of projecting an image through a minute hole. This camera took the form of a box with a lens at one end. Inside the box, opposite the lens was a mirror, which projected the image on a ground glass screen set in the top of the box. This was fitted with a hood to keep out extraneous light.

The next logical step in the history of photography was the desire to find a measure of "fixing" such a picture permanently on paper or on some other support and this brought out the investigation of the action of light on various chemicals.

In 1727 J. H. Schulze, another scientist made a mixture of chalk and silver nitrate solution which he coated on a level surface. He then placed a transparent piece of paper, on which there were some opaque letters, in contact with the level surface and exposed it to sunlight. The coated surface under the letters remained white while the surrounding parts turned black.

In 1777 Charles William Scheele investigated the behaviour of silver chloride under the influence of light. He found that the salt was quickly darkened by blue or violet light, while red or yellow light had very little effect on it. This experiment was confirmed by Senebier in 1782, who stated that blue light would darken the silver salt in fifteen seconds, while it took twenty minutes for the red rays to have the same effect on it.

About the year 1780, Professor Charles, a lecturer in Paris, made "silhouettes" by placing the head of his subject in a beam of direct sunlight and allowing the shadow of the head to fall on a piece of paper coated with silver chloride. The result was a white "silhouette" upon a black background. They were very popular during the eighteenth century.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the discovery was made that thio-sulphate of sodium or the hyposulphate of soda commonly known as "hypo" would dissolve the silver salt that had not been affected to light and so "fix" the image by making it no longer sensitive to light.

The discovery of hypo as a fixing agent was made by Sir John Herschell, an English scientist, who also invented the "blue print" process. Herschell was also the first to suggest the use of glass as a support for sensitive emulsion. Hypo was at once adopted by all experimenters of that time.

In the meantime, Thomas Wegwood and Sir Humphrey Davy were experimenting along the same lines as Professor Charles. They coated paper and white leather with a solution of silver nitrate and after placing an opaque object over it, exposed it to sunlight. The unprotected portion darkened while the rest remained white. These two experimenters then tried using thin coated paper under paintings on glass, and the rays of light passing through the transparent and the semi-transparent, darkened the paper and gave a negative picture.

About 1814, Joseph Nicephore Niepce, a French chemist, began his photographic experiments, and discovered that bitumen became insoluble by action of light. With the help of this, Niepce discovered a process called heliography which is still used in a modified form for printing bank-notes.

Other experimentors, Le Gray, Hunt, and Pallock worked on the idea of Mr. Fox Talbot to produce a glossy surface on paper coated with albumen. The result was a great success for them and this method

was supreme until the introduction of gelatino-chloride paper commonly called P. O. P.

In 1848, a tremendous advance was made in the art of photography by the invention of the collodion process or wetplate process for making negatives for a camera. Fredrick Scott Archer made the first collodion negative on glass. This became very popular and was used almost exclusively between 1855 and 1881. But the negatives possessed the disadvantage of having to be prepared just before they are used.

A very important invention, that of gelatino-bromide plates, the dry plates of the present day, is credited to Richard Leach Maddox, an Englishman who became well-known for his work in photomicrography.

Since the invention of dry plates by Dr. Maddox there have been no radical changes in the process of making pictures though great improvements have been made in material and method. Possibly the most helpful improvement of recent years is the introduction of roll films for folding cameras. This, more than anything else has made hand-camera photography universally popular. Roll films in their present form were put on the market by Mr. Eastman Kodak in 1889. In 1903, roll films were improved very much and made non-curling. The earliest of the roll films were rolled up so tight that they resembled a small cigarette in shape.

Recently cut-films and film packs have very largely taken the place of glass plates. The modern hand-camera is a wonderfully efficient instrument and is capable of producing the finest possible pictures. The high grade, rapid lenses and sharp shutters fitted to the modern camera make it possible to deal successfully with a wide range of subjects. The compactness and portability of the present day cameras do away with all the hard work and trouble of the old days and the modern "Range Finder" together with the autographic feature almost save the amateur of the trouble of thinking.

The reproduction of colours of nature by photography has always attracted much attention. Great strides have been made in colour photography during the last twenty years.

The cameras of domestic and foreign manufacture on the market to-day are as numerous as the various kinds of automobiles. Strictly speaking any photographic camera is merely a light tight box with a lens at one end and a device at the opposite end for inserting or holding the sensitive surface, plate or film on which the image is projected by the lens.

Motion pictures have now become a generally accepted feature of every day life and they have been so highly perfected that it is difficult to imagine people being satisfied with the "Mutoscope" of very early days. The film base of the cinematograph film is a cellulose product and the process in film making consists in thoroughly washing the cotton which is to form the base. The cotton is then treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids to render it soluble later in alcohol. This nitrate cotton is then dissolved in a solvent of which alcohol is the principal ingredient. This "Dope" as it is called, is converted into sheets which when dried form the familiar transparent film. On these a sensitised coating is spread.

A perfect picture is a thing beautifully photographed rather than a beautiful thing photographed. Simple subjects with good definite lines make the most attractive pictures. It has been found possible to transmit photographs by means of electricity. Photography enters into the whole realm of science assisting it in a multitude of ways.

As regards the future of photography, he would be a bold man who would prophesy. It must be admitted by the least enthusiastic that during the last fifty years photography has done extraordinary things; and may we not hope that still more wonderful achievements will be accomplished by this invention of the nineteenth century?

M. DULI CHAND,
Junior B. A.

The Legacy of Greece

THE importance of our Hellenic heritage can hardly be over-estimated. No nation has left such a rich and abiding contribution to the world's culture and civilisation as ancient Greece. In every sphere of science and art the Greeks have left the world a magnificent and splendid heritage. Not only is the world indebted to Greece for the intellectual contribution she has made to it, but also for those ideals of truth, freedom, beauty and excellence which she formulated and embodied in her works of literature and art. No people known to history clearly formulated these ideals before the Greeks and those who came afterwards seemed for the most part to be merely echoing the thoughts of ancient Greece.

For the modern age in particular, the subject of ancient Greece has a special interest. In spite of many differences no age has had closer affinities with ancient Greece than our own. None has based its deeper life so largely on ideals which the Greeks brought into the world. Again and again as we study Greek thought and literature, behind the veil woven by time and distance, the face that meets us is our own—younger and with fewer wrinkles on its features and with a more deliberate purpose in its eyes. For these reasons we are to-day in a position as no other age has been, to understand ancient Greece, to learn the lessons it teaches and, in studying the ideals and the fortunes of men with whom we have so much in common, to gain a fuller understanding and estimate of our own.

Before proceeding further, it is essential for us to understand the basic principles which have made Grecian art and literature eternal and their legacy to

the world immortal. A study of these very principles which have made Greece immortal is in itself one of the innumerable benefits rendered us by ancient Greece.

Apart from the artistic interest in Greece, let us deal with philosophy. By philosophy the Greeks meant a serious endeavour to understand the world and man, having for its chief aim the discovery of the right way of life and the conversion of people to it. But the interest of Greek philosophy is not only historical; it is full of instruction for the future. Above all we can learn from Greek philosophy the paramount importance of what we call the personality and they called the soul. It was just because the Greeks realized this, that the genuinely Hellenic idea of conversion played so great a part in their thinking and in their lives. That, above all, is the lesson they have to teach, and that is why the writings of their great philosophers have still the power to convert the souls of all that will receive their teaching with humility. Socrates first introduced philosophy into Greece proper. The ideas he expounded were too advanced for the time; his work was left to his able pupil Plato.

When we think of the debt which mankind owes to the Greeks, we are apt to think too exclusively of the masterpieces in literature and art which they have left us. But the Greek genius was many-sided—the Greek, with his insatiable love of knowledge, his determination to see things as they are and to see them whole, his burning desire to be able to give a rational explanation of everything. Mathematics indeed plays an important part in Greek philosophy. Mathematics is a Greek science. So far as pure geometry is concerned, the mathematician's technical equipment is almost wholly Greek. The Greeks laid down the principles, fixed the terminology and invented the methods; moreover, they did this with such certainty that in the centuries which have since elapsed, there has been no need to reconstruct, still less to reject as unsound any essential part of their doctrine.

The Greeks looked on Nature with their minds more than with their hearts, nor ever clung to her with outspoken admiration and affection. And Humboldt, asserting that the portrayal of Nature for her manifold diversity was foreign to the Greek idea, declares that the landscape is always the mere background of their picture, while their foreground is filled with the affairs and actions and thoughts of men. Deep down in the love of Nature, whether it be of the sensual or intellectual kind, and in the art of observation which is its outcome and first expression, lie the roots of all our Natural Science.

Now let us consider what is Science. It is a question that cannot be answered easily, nor perhaps answered at all. None of the definitions seem to cover the field exactly; they are either too wide or too narrow. But we can see science in its growth and we can say that, being a process it can exist only as growth. Where does the science of biology begin? Again we cannot say, but we can watch its evolution and its progress. Among the Greeks the accurate observation of living forms, which is at least one of the essentials of biological science, goes back very far. The word 'Biology' used in our sense, would, it is true, have been an impossibility among them, for '*bios*' refers to the life of man and could not be applied, except in a strained or metaphorical sense, to that of other living things. But the ideas we associate with the word are clearly developed in Greek philosophy and the foundations of biology are of great antiquity.

The Greeks are the most remarkable people who have yet existed. They were the beginners of nearly everything, Christianity excepted, of which the modern world makes its boast. They were the first people who had a historical literature, as perfect of its kind as their oratory, their sculpture and their architecture. They were the founders of Mathematics, of physics, of the indicative study of politics, of the philosophy of human nature and life. In each they made the indispensable first steps, which are the foundation of all the rest. They laid the lines which

European literature has followed; they created a body of prose and poetry which has won the homage of the world. The further question, what can the world still learn from them, is less easy to answer. The answer lies in Greek literature, and the essence of a literature cannot be extracted and bottled in a number of abstract formulae. No literature is great in virtue of its qualities, which are always something less than the literature itself, but only in so far as it expands to the breadth of the universe and climbs to its height. The English poets who owe most to Greece are Milton, Gray, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson.

The modern system of education imparted in our public schools to-day curiously and closely resembles the institution of the ancient Greeks. Their similarity may be drawn from the sameness of the subjects taught then and now. Political theory, philosophy, science and history were the main subjects of the Hellenes as is the case to-day in our colleges.

Greek idealism, Greek balance and measure, Greek love of what is natural and healthful, Greek simplicity and moderation are of the very essence of good art in all ages. Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his best books 'The History of the World' says that the Hellenes are the true fore-fathers of civilization and what the world owes to the Hellenes cannot be estimated. Everything which the modern world boasts of, is a contraction from the old Hellenic civilization. Our civilization is a tree which has its roots in Greece, or, to borrow a more appropriate metaphor from Clement of Alexandria, it is a river which has received affluents from every side, but its headwaters are Greek. When we consider the significance of this statement, the great and invaluable legacy of Greece to the world becomes self-evident. Hence we see that we owe to Greece a debt which neither time nor tide can eradicate, the eternal debt of humanity to a great and brave nation.

MISS PEROJA D. TALATI

Fashion

IN this world of artificialities and materialism the equilibrium of harmonious social life is conspicuous by its absence. Society and its cruel dictator are the real causes of present social upheavals. One has to sacrifice his convictions, his beliefs, his conscience and his soul to please the dragon monster "Fashion" and its commands. The truth of this statement is quite apparent in the western world. People care more for their dress than their happiness, more for fashionable than easily digestable food, more for artificiality than for realism and more for show than for contentment.

Fashions change overnight. It seems that once a gentleman was running along a Paris road with a lady's evening hat in his hand. When he was asked why he was in such a hurry, he replied, "I must take this to my lady as soon as possible so that fashion may not change by the time I reach her." The man who has no means of bowing down before the dictator of fashion is scorned as uncivilised, uncultured, unrefined and barbaric. The so-called decent people shun his society and inflict social ostracism on the unfortunate individual. The social boycott and its fear compels a man to sacrifice his conscience and his independence. Divorce cases are quite common, the reason being that the ultra-modern fashionable wives find their tastes incompatible with their husbands' simple ones. A man's means may not justify his frugality but he has no alternative left, and hence he has to cut short other expenses which are absolutely vital for his existence. The standard of living is very high in western countries. The ever-changing fashions, though they raise the standard of living, lower the spiritual contentment of the populace.

Recently during his visit to France, the King wore a particular type of suit, and within a week fifty thousand persons in France ordered the same type of suit from London. Though fashions give a stimulus to trade, the ultimate results are highly detrimental to the welfare of the people. Fashions do not change speedily in dress alone. They tend to change in every possible way and for every possible necessity or luxury, such as motor cars, cigarettes, houses, decorative articles and others. The result of all this is that the average man feels discontented with his lot and incurs heavy debts which ultimately end in a self-inflicted catastrophe. Recently the craze for houses of German design reached such a pitch in Hyderabad that many unfortunate individuals borrowed money heavily, mortgaging all their property, to build a new heaven for themselves.

Women are responsible for the fashion craze more than men. Sometimes one expensive dress is ordered only for a particular occasion after which it is quite useless. It is a truism to say that women's fashions change more quickly than men. For the requirements of an ultra-modern Miss and her indispensable cosmetics and jewellery, it becomes humanly impossible for a man with average means to satisfy the best of his sweetheart's material desires. This is the cause of so much social discontent in western countries. Men have to sacrifice their and their children's wants for the sake of their wives. The morality of modern Europe is so low that fashion justifies and demands flirtation, conspiracy, artificiality, keeping up appearances, hypocrisy and unfaithfulness to one's wife or husband.

Turning to India we see the evil influence of western civilisation spreading like wild-fire. Already youngmen and women are casting aside the ennobling and lofty ideals of India and are making themselves the slaves of western fashion. India is a spiritual country; it is the land of Buddha and the land of Gandhi. The main ideal of a man or a woman is plain-living and high-thinking.

When the average income of an Indian is between forty and fifty rupees a month, the influence of western civilization and fashion and its results can well be imagined. It is due to this craze for fashion that the joint family system has broken down, the firm pillar of love and devotion has been uprooted, and in place of affection and sincerity, materialism and egoism have predominated. Even in rural India fashions have penetrated with their evil influence. Rural indebtedness has increased by leaps and bounds. Peaceful India is no longer peaceful; social discontent is apparent everywhere.

Man must have a high aim in life as, in the words of Wordsworth,

“Man’s yearning must be to ascend
Seeking a higher object”

and—

“Love is given, encouraged and sanctioned
Chiefly for this end,
That self must be annulled”.

“Plain-living and high-thinking” should be our motto. Plato advocated this and Gandhi is following his example to-day. As Browning says,

“Not failure, but low aim is crime”.

MOHD. MUMTAZ ALI,
Junior B. A.

The Earthquake

THE first qualm was over. By February things had settled down and people went about their work as usual. Fallen buildings were being reconstructed with amazing celerity. But there was a dismal air everywhere. One missed old faces and old friends, who had been killed in the quake. One saw with horror and pain, corpses being dug out from the debris. I felt dismal too. If only I could get away from the gloom that surrounded me, if only for a few days! On thinking over it a little, it seemed a good idea. My friends approved of it. A holiday in the village was just what a nervy person like me needed.

I talked it over with my pal Shah. He grinned broadly as he always does, when you talk to him, and held out his hand for me to shake. "Good idea, old man", he said, as I gripped his hand. "An excellent idea — and — if I don't accompany you, I'll be the greatest fool in the world."

So it was settled. I was beside myself with joy. If Shah wanted to accompany me, the holiday would be a delightful one. And indeed it did turn out to be a delightful one. There was such a lot to do in the quiet little village, so far away from the noise and turmoil of city life. Time simply sped. Spring-time in a village is most enjoyable as we found out. Everything—the fields, the fruit orchards belonging to the 'big men' of the village, simply foamed with spring. The weather was gloriously fine, and permitted us to go out for long walks, with the friendly village folk. And we were usually dead tired when we returned home late at night.

It was after one such hike that it all happened. We had dined early, and had retired early too, as the

hike had left us fatigued. I was in my little room, reading something. It was biting cold outside and I could hear the savage howl of the wind. I wrapped my blanket around me, and snuggled down in my arm chair, easy and warm, and read Bernard Shaw by the dim light of my lamp. How long I had been reading I do not know. I had gone off into a doze, when I was suddenly roused by a rattle-tattle outside. I listened carefully. Yes, there was no mistake about it — I could hear the sound distinctly.

My heart leaped into my mouth, and my courage literally oozed out of my finger ends. It was the sound I most dreaded, the sound of the quake.

I stumbled to my feet, shivering. I had to get out of the house, as anything might happen. I might be killed — I shuddered at the very thought.

And then another thought crossed my brain. Where was Shah? Was he awake? Would he be able to save himself? I had to call out to him. I shouted out. I had lost my voice — and I found I couldn't form my words. I found myself struggling for breath. I found myself weak and exhausted. I tried again, but I found I was only whispering, and the effort left me gasping.

"My prayers", I thought. I tried to mutter them, but in the windy confusion of my mind I found I had forgotten what I wanted to say. "My God —" I groaned, and the words almost choked me. I pulled myself with a sudden resolve — "You must save yourself", I told myself — "You must live." And what about Shah? I tried to avoid the thought. "Each man for himself and God for all" I said, and tried to take comfort in the thought. I would save myself.

I staggered up. The flame of the dim little lamp in the corner flickered for a moment and then went off, leaving the room in total darkness. Usually I am afraid of the dark, but to-day it wasn't the dark which made me turn hot and cold: it was the

rattle-tattle outside — it was the ground quaking under my unsteady feet. And more than all it was the fear that I would not save myself in time. A multitude of thoughts crowded up in my troubled mind. Shah would die — Shah, a married man with a brood of children who would be helpless without him. I was selfish . . . and yet, could I help it? Save myself I must, for life was enjoyable to me, and since to save Shah was impossible.

Was it impossible? I would try again. I did. I gave a shout for Shah, but with no better success than I had last time, for I was weaker than ever. I staggered up towards the door. I couldn't see it . . . and the rattle-tattle outside was growing louder, still louder.

I tried to support myself and steady up; I held out my hands to grasp something but only caught a handful of air, I was more unsteady than ever, and as I advanced step by step, I wondered if I would ever reach the cursed door. Minutes seemed like hours; I stumbled and fell, and got up again.

In an agony of despair I kicked frantically and something fell down with a thud. I didn't care to pick it up, but staggered on, balancing myself as I went. I held out my hand again and caught hold of something cold and hard, and hope flickered in my fainting heart. I would live. One wrench of the bolt, one jump down meant life. And Shah? If only I could save Shah! The rumble outside was growing louder. The floor underneath was shaking horribly. Any minute — any minute, the roof, the beam just above me might fall on me — or on Shah. Shouldn't I call out just once more?

I attempted, but once again I found I was being choked, throttled, and I felt my tongue parching up. There was a sickening sensation in my inside. I was giddy. If I waited, I knew I would swoon and then . . . No, Shah was destined to die — or if he was lucky, to live. I had done all I could, and now I had to save myself.

I tightened my hold of the bolt, and gritted my teeth with a firm determination. My hands, moist, slippery, unsteady, refused to wrench it open. And then one desperate turn, and the door swung open.

I stood on the threshold, perspiring coldly, quaking in every line, nerves all on edge. I looked out into the pitch darkness. One jump down — and the thing would be done.

“Oh God, help.... Oh help Shah”, I ejaculated,and “God, help me....” I steadied myself.... “One, two....”

And then I awoke! I was cold and shivering. I looked around and quickly thought back—

“A nightmare”, I gasped. “And I’m in the train.” Yes, I was, and the rumble had awakened me, had caused the whole thing. We were returning home after our holiday in the village.

I looked across at Shah, sleeping soundly on one of the seats. “I say, Shah”, I said: and then I decided not to tell. Shah moved in his sleep and pulled up his blanket. “Terrible noise this train makes, old man”, he said drowsily, “reminds me of one of the quakes.” He turned over and began to snore.

MISS SHANTA PANJE,
Senior Intermediate.



Sitting (left to right)

Chandersen,

Farkhunda Ali Khan,

College Captain

Mr. Habeebullah Husaini, *Physical Director*,

Standing (left to right) L. Solomon.

V. G. Prakasham.

Mr. Qadir Husain Khan,

Principal

H. C. Muire,

Syed Jaffer,

Abdul Waheed Khan,

Football Captain

A. Cyril

Mir Yawar Ali Khan,

On Life

TO a few, life is a vale of soul-making, and to certain other smoke-dried spirits, it is no more than a thorny track overhung by a veil of gloom and darkness.

Ripe experience affords us the true and ruddier significance of life. It is a mysterious mingling of the two — the gay and the grey elements. Life is filled with hope and fear, like a pool where darkness and moonlight mingle. Danger and delight, romance and tragedy, good and evil reside side by side. The forests adorn the earth — but shelter the serpent and the lion; the night sheds sleep on the multitude — but it harbours murder as well as rest; the ocean supports a thousand barks — but it engulfs the one. The sweet, soft, invigorating breeze gets infuriated and creates the whirlwinds, hurricanes and floods, which with a mighty sweep bear down the riches of the fields and honours of the wood, and the storms that ravage over the deep, bury millions in the waves. The earth that affords shelter to its inhabitants quakes in mid-night sleep and turns cities into debris, and makes our beds our graves. In short, it may be said that there is nothing good or nothing bad, but only circumstances make it so.

Our life's sojourn in this world is so very short that we may well call it 'a sleep and a forgetting'. This reminds me of the beautiful lines of Thomas Carlyle in which he vividly describes our life's journey in this universe:

What is Life? a thawing iceberg
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

Men are ever in a feverish and fickle pursuit after vain and empty bubbles that dally before their eyes and which allure and enchant them. Some, after much toil and travail, acquire them and realise, only very late in their life, their emptiness and worthlessness. Others there are, whose lives are snatched away like jewels from their breasts by the lean hand of a mocking fate, even in the very act of clutching them. A few others repine all through their life as a result of the bubbles bursting forth just when they are about to seize them.

All things that have life are subject to decay. Death has its sway over all of them, sooner or later. Is not Death our only birth-right? Innocent babes and young and lusty men, who are not ripe for death either in years or spirit, are overcome by it. It lays its icy hands over the flickering lives of persons whose hair and beards have gone white due to the weight of their years. 'Sceptre and crown must tumble down' before Death the leveller.

The deeper we dig into Life's mine the more useful are its effects. A cold shudder runs through our veins and makes us run desperate. But Life is not made in vain. It is to be lived and is meant to be a serious preparation, to free ourselves from the trammels and clutches of the agonising factors of our life, and to obtain an unperturbed seat in the abode of heaven, which is possible only by living a virtuous life, thinking most, feeling the noblest and acting the best, despite disabilities, dearths and despondencies.

S. PERUMAL,
Junior B. Sc.

The Miseries of Writing an Article

IN my opinion College would be quite a nice place if there were no articles to be written. Though it is you who are honoured and not the magazine, in being requested to contribute, despite the glory of seeing your glaring name in print—a very fleeting one to be sure—the business can be termed miserable.

You come to College—having forgotten the very existence of “The Collegian” and articles, and with happy expectations of a pleasant College life. Well, you are not allowed to cherish such a hope for long. There comes a gloomy dark day when everything has gone wrong and you feel just breaking under the last straw, when up stalks the Editor with a face beaming with smiles—to take off the sting, you know—and says, “Now what about your article for ‘The Collegian’ ?” as if you have not already had enough to bear!

Now I am not denying it is an honour, though one I am not very fond of—but an article! It really spells misery. I often hear it being said that an author is supremely happy in his book because it is his means of self-expression. I suppose an article would have been likewise if one knew what to express.

The chief misery is in choosing the right subject. If a suitable subject suggests itself all would be well. But the worry of choosing one! Of course you could choose any hackneyed subject and be done with it. But before your sensitive mind, comes the picture of prospective readers curling up their lips in scorn and muttering “Oh goodness, another article on This is the fiftieth time it’s tackled. Have people no originality?”

So you rack and rack your poor brain for something original. But to be sure when you think most, there appear before your mind's eye the most idiotic subjects.

Thus in the morning at the breakfast table you think stupidly of coffee, coffee cups, bread and butter, plates, table cloths, breakfasting or back in the Salar Jung Hall, looking imploringly out of the window in the professor's absence for something to write on — you see the dry grass, the pipes that run across the garden, the weather-beaten wall, and a hundred other odd things which I am afraid would be tedious to express in black and white. Then your agonized eyes come back to your desk, and you think stupidly, "I'll write on desks and chairs. But what can I write?", table desks when ranged in a class room spelling study and hard work. Looking at them you are reminded of the monotonous hours you have been pinned to them when you so longed for a breath of fresh air out in the garden. But welcome chairs to flop in after a tiring walk or a heavy game of badminton; welcome refuge too, to the nervous platform speaker whose only companion in distress is the chair he or she leans on.

No, that will not do. Your eyes wander up and settle on the board and chalk. Yes, you might write on that piece of chalk. But what the dickens can one write on a piece of chalk? Its uses? You know one: to blot out a smudge that somehow occurs when you have just lost your blotter. There are the chalk cliffs too, but who knows more about them than that they attracted Cæsar to England?

I suppose one might write on them. But here too, come thoughts of the reader. "What a presumption!", she will say, "to write on such old topics? Does she think she is a Belloc or a Chesterton, or an Alpha of the Plough?" So you give it up and go to sleep. But it is of no use. Conscience keeps pricking you till in a frenzy of despair you feel you must shove that article off your chest. You choose any subject and start. In a few minutes, however, you

are convinced that that subject will not do. Then begins anew the misery of choosing a suitable topic.

Meanwhile, days, weeks, nay, months have passed in thinking of a subject! Some days you have a happy respite in forgetfulness. But there comes the Editor, her very presence an unhappy reminder. You read in her look a long delayed reproach though perhaps she has quite forgotten all about it. If you have delayed too long you even fancy she is enraged. You are on pins and needles, you have no desire to be begged for it. You would willingly work at it if you only knew on what to write.

Again, writing would not be so difficult if only no one reads it! This sounds absurd. But I mean, anticipation of criticism makes you quail. An author is always confident that the thought expressed and the language used are both really exquisite. If only you could be as sure yourself. Your heart aches for your work to be appreciated, but you know it is below the standard. One reader will laugh down the title. Another will sneer at the language. "What long, involved sentences, and what dreadful grammar!" Some literary scholar will dreadfully miss quotations. A fourth keen on punctuation will be bored by the absence of commas and semi-colons. And the sting of it is that such criticism is so hopelessly true. But despite very mighty efforts, I have not yet found a subject. Ah! here is the Editor coming up! For the last time, she says, "Oh V!.... that article."

MISS VIOLET D'SOUZA

The Shining Hour

THE College bell tolls the knell of the parting morning and the Professor winds out of the hall, leaving in his wake confused brains, books and chairs thrown helter-skelter and the retreating noise of a jabbering pack of sturdy youth. It is a single hour's emancipation from the thralldom of periods, papers, pens and pencils, and a 'Golden Age' in the Era of Ennui. Many Guptas and Harshas must have secured the Bachelor of Arts Degree (of course after many defeats) before the Mahmud Bin Tughlaks and Raziyas had tasted of the apple of College life. Anyway it is a shining hour.

The heavy burr of cars fed on crude oil, and the heart-throbbing wailings from the greasy tumbrels, the clank of cycles pulled from a heap of spoked wheels, and the sound of tens of tongues at your ears, make you feel as if you were in a veritable Inferno.

Some active limbs find repose in the dark asylums of cars, (the cradle of comfort and luxury) and the smell of burnt carbon invigorates their enervated brain-cells. They had gone round the world singing, at last to perch on its cushions, to indulge in a feast of reason and flow of soul. If someone would supply a bait and an angling rod, I would spend the hour in our College pond at the portico, (which is so deep that you cannot see the surface of the water), and present the Professor a fish for a ruby. A knot of sherwanis, elbow cheek by jowl to a corner of the College, spread their meal under the tree, and circling it wolf down sheep and goats with the like avidity which Oliver Twist felt at Mr. Sowerbury's kitchen. A little of wrestling is practised, wise-crackings are shot at one another and a shrill cry bolstered up by many mouths is raised. One feels as if one is in the midst of lions

lashing their tails and snarling at each other for a half-cooked oyster. The first few minutes are spent in cajolery and mirth; the next in stuffing the mouth with over-abundant chips of edibles; and finally in enjoying the sight of smoke dribbling through the narrow slit of the lips. The banquet vanishes and with it, the dishes, and, wonder of wonders, the place is swept clean without the least trace of a heap of rigid bones.

There swings a grand cafe at the bottom of the heart of the Nizam College, with the flooring of the room above for its roof. No tag-rag or bob-tail is allowed into this richly furnished nest of dishes. The origin of this cafe is really amazing and few can rival it in establishment and service.

In this cafe were once locked up all the ammunition for the siege of Golconda by Aurangazib. At the very place where the squeaking dining table stands to-day on its moth-eaten legs, with its back tarnished and scalded by drippings from the hot kettle, lay the trumpets, the beating of which resounded through Fateh Maidan heralding the triumph of the Great Moghul. At the very place where to-day lie blocks of ice and piles of vimto, were bunched together blunt bayonets. But the origin is a mere legend, and let the dead past bury its dead.

To-day, during the interval which is the shining hour to one and all, this hotel is flooded with friends and foes, dressed like tailor's dummies. You hear the smack of lips, the shuffle of clothes dragged with the body, loud shouts for some beverage or other, and the most hideous of all, groans from the too-tall-for-the-roof giants. With your coffee, cocoa or vimto under your nose and you quaffing it now and then, there enters a man as a bull in a china shop. He rushes to the cup-board, tastes of the skin of certain edibles, washes his throat and like another Mr. Bumble, puts on the hats of friends and speaks through his hat. Perhaps he is an office-bearer and a little of a superintendent too! Next comes Mr. Hungry who lays his big hands on the dishes of the relatives of his friends and

the friends of his relatives. He looks enviously at the sweet things in the cup-board, but walks off cursing his empty purse.

Symmetrically on the other side, there is a den, in which one feels as snug as a bug in a rug. With three dim mirrors mirroring up to the bust, an "antique" comb, a few chairs without bottoms and a dining table made of teak-wood, with brilliantine and margo soap and towels, not to say a washing basin, this room, with its amenities, seems a suburban hairdressing saloon or a minor Hollywood make-up studio. During this shining hour some of the inmates busy themselves with their obstinate hair, some make themselves presentable, some enraged by their short stature make a stool of a friend's hat and look pitiaibly into the mirror.

Lo ! again the bell rings with the punctual clock chiming two. All come out like moles from their holes, downcast, and march into the class. "It is the calm after the storm !"

S. K. SOWRI RAJAN,

Junior B.A.

On Falling in Love

Fall from a mountain
 Fall from a tree
 Fall from the top of the house
 But never fall in Love.

ANON.

HOW often do we come across the expression "Fall in Love"! But does one actually "fall" when in love?

Indeed we seem to rise rather than fall, don't we, when we begin to love? For, nothing is so exhilarating, so uplifting, so joyous as love. Our hearts are filled with gladness, our spirits rise, we are conscious of greater energy and vitality and we strive to live well and improve ourselves so as to be worthy of the object of our adoration. Here I am reminded of a little bronze figure of a girl, that used to adorn the table of a friend of mine and which I liked very much. The girl was dancing for joy with her arms flung up to heaven and underneath were the words "I would look up and love and laugh and live". She typified the spirit of one in love with life itself, bounding, joyous, high as air. How, then, can we "fall" in love?

Again if we have a dispute and quarrel with someone we say that we "fall out", and that renders the expression more difficult of comprehension. If we "fall in" surely we must "climb out" and only if we "climb in" can we truly be said to "fall out." One cannot fall both ways, in and out as well!

Of all the strange places it was in the Physical Instruction class that the explanation for the phrase dawned upon me. When told to "fall in" we were supposed to take our positions in a line, come together

in fact. In matters of the heart two people are drawn together by mutual love. They "fall in" and share their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears so that their lives become bound up with one another. Quite contrary to the poet's view one need never be afraid to fall in love, for in this case the harder you fall, the higher you rise !!

"PREM",
Junior B.A.

On Smoking

IN these modern days nothing is more common than 'smoking'. Yet no authentic information regarding cigarettes and Gold Flake in particular, is available. The follies are innumerable, the interpretations diverse and the records obscure. Much has been said and written about the subject but nothing has touched the heart of the subject-matter.

This elixir of human existence gives the final touch to a modern hall-mark. Modern civilisation is essentially one of smokiness. The factories smoke; the steam engines smoke, the mills smoke, the automobiles diffuse a fragrant petrol odour—to be short, everything modern smokes. No wonder modern men and women smoke too. The cigarette is the savoury in the menu of our civilisation.

Further the cigarette is the outer symbol of the principles of equality, fraternity and liberty—the darling motto of the French Revolution. To it all are alike. It cares for no communal, financial or intellectual differences. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, from a king to a beggar, and from the teacher to the student—all alike inhale and puff out dignified and philosophical clouds of smoke. It breeds the right sense of equality, because the Prime Minister would not mind borrowing a match-stick from a Dick or Harry—a poor peripatetic. All great people smoke—financial magnates, ministers, members of Parliament and men of letters. Sherlock Holmes smoked scientifically and systematically and found a solution to many complicated problems in the smoky clouds, slowly curling up from his pipe. True—Gandhiji is not a smoker and still a great man. But

every rule has an exception. Who knows he might have been greater had he only smoked !

Generally, the sight of the charming yellow coloured base overcomes the inertia inherent in us. "VIRGINIA"—the magical word is rich with romance. It reminds me of the virgin Queen and that romantic and handsome courtier Sir Walter Raleigh—the father of this earthly ambrosia—comes surging to my mind. I think of the greatest of writers—William Shakespeare—who knew 'little of Latin and less of Greek', and who in spite of that, wrote masterpieces like Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and King Lear and—yes, Julius Cæsar.

Oh ! Cæsar — that reminds me of *our* "Ides of March" and I switch on to study. Gold Flake has done that !

In spite of this universal popularity enjoyed by this offspring of Walter Raleigh's curiosity, there is still a small section of people who cry against this 'vicious' habit. Vicious — they call it ! Old, foolish, and ignorant people, sometimes lawyers, college lecturers and rarely medical men. You can see them in front of you in tram cars, buses, railway compartments and cinema theatres, covering their noses with handkerchiefs. As if this thin, soothing fragrant odour would smother them ! I pity them and say within myself, "Father, forgive them — for they know not what they do"—and what they hate !

The days of schoolmaster tyranny are gone. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is no longer in vogue and it has changed into "Spare the rod and share the spoil" especially in the case of cigarettes which may vary from Gold Flake to Charminar. On one occasion a certain Professor of ours was writing for a full five minutes with a Gold Flake thinking that he was writing with a piece of chalk. When he actually discovered the mistake, he was so much impressed by the ludicrous element, that instead of teaching us the philosophy of Browning, he taught us the philosophy of smoking.

" O just, subtle and all conquering Gold Flake !
Thou bringest comfort to the unfortunate; thou offerest
fragrance and solace, even when thou art crushed and
burnt — givest triumph to despairing innocence and
reversest the sentences of unrighteous judges"——

Kipling's 'Soldier' after serious deliberation came
to the sensible conclusion that "a woman is only a
woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!"

And let me with reverence and politeness add "O
Gold Flake! none but thou shalt be my paramour."

K. DANDAPANI,
Senior B. Sc.

College Notes

THE results of the Madras University Examinations last March were very satisfactory. 96 students appeared for the Intermediate Examination, of whom 60 passed completely, 20 in first class; 16 passed in one Part and 18 in two Parts. Only 2 were complete failures. For the B. A. Degree Examination 49 appeared of whom 26 passed completely, 9 passed in one Part and 14 passed in two Parts. There were 18 first classes and 12 second classes in Part II and 4 first classes and 7 second classes in Part III. For the B. Sc. Part I (English) 18 appeared and 12 passed, and for Part II, 12 appeared and 10 passed of whom 2 took a first class and 2 a second class. For the B.A. Honours Preliminary 5 appeared and 4 passed and for the Final 2 appeared and 1 passed; the other was awarded a pass Degree.

The Lord Pentland Musalman Gold Medal was awarded by the University to Mohamed Ali Khan for scoring the highest aggregate number of marks in the Intermediate Examination of the University and passing in all the Parts in the first attempt.

The Haji Budan Prize was awarded to Mohamed Abdul Qavi for having qualified for the B. A. Degree with distinction in Urdu Language and Literature.

In the September Examinations, 25 students of the College completed the Intermediate, 16 the B. A. and 5 the B. Sc.

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This year the College has been very successful in games also. Both the College Cricket and Football teams won the finals in the Hyderabad Inter-College Tournaments.

The College Cricket, Football and Hockey teams have left for Anantapur to compete in the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments of the Madras University. The teams, if successful, will proceed to Coimbatore for the finals in the Bangalore Division.

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The College term commenced on the 17th June 1940. This year the Government was pleased to increase the number of new admissions to the Junior Intermediate class from 100 to 120. The total strength of the College is now 379 distributed as follows:—Honours classes 19, B. Sc. 36, B. A. 101, and Intermediate 223. The strength of the Madrasa-i-Aliya is 402—189 in the Primary, 101 in the Middle and 112 in the High School sections.

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Elections to the various College societies took place early in July. The inaugural address of the College Union was delivered on the 3rd August 1940 by the Hon'ble Mr. Syed Abdul Aziz, Law Member of H.E.H. the Nizam's Executive Council. The Hon'ble Nawab Mehdi Yar Jung Bahadur presided on the occasion.

The Law Member in the course of his address said: "Your Union is an institution which has both educational and social value for yourselves. You can make it an additional means of cultivating those habits and virtues which will distinguish you in your public and professional career and will prove to be a source of strength in the arena where you have to fight the battle of life." He complimented the students of the College on their smart appearance and dignified deportment and appealed to those among them who were better placed in life to consider it a moral duty to help the less fortunate in every possible way and treat them on absolutely equal terms. There was ample proof, he said, of the spirit of brotherhood among both Hindu and Muslim students of the College who had remained uncontaminated by subversive outside influences. No one, he said,

would justly claim to have greater sympathy and good-will towards students than himself, but he had always in their own interest and in the interest of their family and country, cautioned them against active participation in politics. He had at the same time urged upon them the necessity of preparing and equipping themselves in such a manner as would enable them to undertake public service, paid or unpaid, or engage in a profession or trade successfully. A student, he said, who had cultivated courage, truth, the sense of sacrifice and had acquired knowledge either of science or law, literature, philosophy or religion, would have reason to look back upon his period of scholastic career with pride and pleasure, and was bound to prove himself a useful member of society to be respected even though he might fail to get remunerative employment.

Referring to the War, the learned speaker continued: "The Nazis headed by Hitler and joined by another ambitious dictator have caused unprecedented havoc in Europe, and there are threatening indications of death and destruction being extended in other directions by diabolical acts. A wave of mental and moral depression is sweeping over Europe like plague, from which it is the duty of both young and old, men and women, to save themselves. If Hitler and Mussolini become victorious in their aggressive war which is causing untold misery and devastation, nothing but the worst slavery will be the lot of small and big countries. There is no one who will compel or coerce you to do a particular thing to help the British in defeating Hitler, but there is an internal coercion and moral duty and obligation to do all we can to help in the successful prosecution of the War and thus enable India to enjoy and get all that is due to her. It is to be hoped that Hyderabad which is doing its best to help its Ally will emerge a stronger and happier Dominion under the rule of His Exalted Highness the Nizam, after the termination of the War."

All the other College Unions also commenced their work in July and have since been functioning regularly

according to programmes framed for the whole academic year.

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An interesting function took place on the 2nd September 1940 when the staff and students of the College were 'At Home' to Mr. W. Turner who had volunteered for active service. Mr. Qadir Husain referred in a short speech to the popularity of Mr. Turner and his efficiency both as Principal and Professor of English, and expressed the hopes and wishes of the staff and students of the College for his speedy and safe return after the successful termination of the War. Mr. Turner left for Kohat on the 5th September 1940.

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The following students of the College have been selected for the various Defence Services :—

India Air Force Reserve

1. Mir Jaffer Ali Khan, B. A. 2. Mustapha Husain, B. A. 3. D. B. Mehta, B. A. 4. Abbas Husain, B. A.

Temporary Commission, Indian Army

1. Syed Abid Bilgrami, B. A. (Hons.) 2. Syed Nazar Ali Razvi, B. A.

Temporary Commission, State Regular Forces

1. Mir Najabeth Ali, B. A., B. T. 2. Masood Rafat Ansari, B. A. 3. Ehsan Ahmed. 4. Mubarak Ali Khan. 5. Yousuf Ali Mirza.

* * * * *

The College also contributed to the various funds for War purposes. The subscriptions to the Hyderabad Hurricane Fund amounted to O. S. Rs 1,208/8/- and to the Hyderabad War Relief Fund Rs. 333/5/-. The College Co-operative Society bought India Defence Bonds, interest free, of the value of Rs. 3,000/- and the staff of the College and the Madrasa-i-Aliya bought Bonds of the value of Rs. 7,265/-. An Exhibition Football match was

played on the College grounds on the 26th August 1940 between the City Police and the West Yorkshire Regiment. The gate money which amounted to O. S. Rs. 384/6/- was remitted to His Excellency the Viceroy's War Purposes Fund.

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An interesting addition to the College is the College Staff Club which was opened last July. The Club owes its existence to a liberal grant of O. S. Rs. 1,500/- by Government. It is provided with magazines and newspapers, and in-door games of various kinds including billiards, and a radio. The Club has become a popular recreation centre.

The Collegian

*(An illustrated, half-yearly journal conducted by
the students of the Nizam College).*

THE magazine was started in 1932 with a view to afford an opportunity to students for self-expression in English. All topics of interest to the student population will be considered by the Editor. The following subjects will receive special attention:—(1) short stories, (2) dramas in one act, (3) humorous and delightful sketches of the classroom, (4) short poems and (5) short articles on philosophical, scientific, historical or economic problems treated in a popular manner.

Controversial articles on religion or politics will not be accepted. The Editor reserves the full right to delete or alter any part of an article. Manuscripts sent for publication should not exceed six pages of ordinary script. Typewritten articles will be preferred.

It is hoped that the Old Boys will also find the magazine a suitable channel for expressing their ideas. Contributions from them will be welcome and all Old Boys are requested to become subscribers of the magazine.

The magazine affords an easy medium for advertising goods of business-men as it is read by all students of the College.

All remittances, communications and contributions should be sent to the Secretary, *The Collegian*, Nizam College, Hyderabad-Deccan.

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